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Editors' Shop Talk

We now hold in our office a manuscript entitled "Non-Segregation, or Quality, in Schools of the Deep South?" written by a white teacher in Alabama. He is disturbed that efforts to merge white and Negro pupils in the same schools on a large scale in the Deep South will endanger the common level of education wherever the new non-segregation policy, enunciated by the Supreme Court last May, is carried into effect too rapidly. This opinion is perhaps a common one in the Deep South. The problem of desegregation is a difficult one, particularly where Negro pupils outnumber white pupils. Yet there would appear to be many opinions and possible solutions.

We plan to publish this article in our winter issue. But we should like to publish others along with it. We should like to know what Negro educators think of the problem, and what solutions may have occurred to Southern liberals. In some areas there are special difficulties. In North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, and Virginia—four of the twelve states which propose to wait for further directions from the Supreme Court before altering their present system—a serious effort has been made in recent years to provide "equal facilities" which are really equal. What do the people in these states think the right solution is for them? We should like to publish a small round-up of opinion on elements of the total problem if we can find the authors to oblige us.

* * *

"Who 'Collaborated' with Soviet Russia?" asks Paul Willen on the next page. The answer seems to be, "About everybody." On one of Mr. Willen's conclusions, however, we find ourselves in a bit of disagreement—that the postwar change of opinion about Russia came rapidly. In 1946 we published in these pages a two-part editorial called "Reconversion for Liberals," which dealt in part with the necessity for a change in political opinion, but we do not recall that we got much response. We doubt that a whole nation can reverse itself quickly unless its survival is threatened (who really believed that?) or unless a number of opinion makers with prestige begin a highly vocal campaign to bring about a change. The plague of McCarthyism which has recently afflicted us is due in some small part to the fact that many of us found it not too easy to change our expressed opinions of the war years and that on this point the leadership we might have expected from Washington was not of the greatest assistance. A few other words on this subject will be found in the last paragraphs of a review published in this issue under the title "Communism, McCarthyism, Intellectual Freedom."

P. B.

Who "Collaborated" with Russia?

By PAUL WILLEN

In September 1944, three months after the invasion of France and eight months before the final capitulation of the Third Reich, a nation-wide poll was taken of the American people in which the following question was asked:

> Do you think the kind of government Russia has at the present time is about the same kind she had five years ago, or do you think it is different?

Thirty-six per cent of those polled thought Russia had "the same kind of government." Twenty-nine per cent did not know. Five per cent thought it had "changed for the worse." But thirty per cent believed that it had changed "for the better."

In other words, almost a third of the American people acknowledged that between 1939 and 1944 they had come to hold a more favorable view of the Soviet system. This is to say nothing of those whose picture of the USSR had altered in the same period but were unconscious of the change. Another poll, taken at the same time, asked

> From what you have heard, do you think the kind of government Russia has is as good as she could have for her people at the present time, or do you think a different kind would do better for the Russians?

Twenty-eight per cent thought a different type of government might be more beneficial. Twenty-six per cent did not know. But forty-six per cent thought that the type of government Russia then enjoyed was "as good as she could have for her people."

At the same time the people were also asked, "Do you think the kind of government Russia has will have any effect on other countries?" Only twenty-one per cent stated that Russia's governmental system would have an "effect on other countries," and of that twenty-

---

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one per cent two-thirds believed that the effect would be indirect and emulative. Only seven per cent of the American people, in other words, foresaw an aggressive Russia in the postwar period.

Recalling these facts in 1954, ten years later, may startle some Americans, especially those who have, to one degree or another, accepted the now-popular theory that the postwar expansion of Communism in Europe and Asia was largely the result of White House capitulation to Communist advisors. This theory, which portrays the American people as innocent victims of a vast international conspiracy, is one of the basic ingredients of the trend in American politics which we now label McCarthyism. Indeed, the basic justification for whatever suspension of civil liberties has occurred in the past five years is the assumption that China would not have fallen to the Communists had Hiss, Lattimore and Harry Dexter White been removed from the government many years ago.

McCarthy's accusation of "twenty years of treason" is the most crude and exaggerated expression of this viewpoint. More sophisticated observers, unwilling to accuse Roosevelt and Truman of outright and conscious betrayal, attribute the loss of China to the "softness" of the New Deal toward Communism as the result of which Hiss and Lattimore assumed positions of such great influence.

I cannot take up either the accuracy (in terms of fact) or the realism (in terms of world politics) of these charges; rather I aim *to question their very pertinence.* If it is true, as the above-cited polls suggest, that the American people themselves were "soft" on Communism in the wartime period, the question of the undoubted gullibility of the White House politicians loses much of its weight and seriousness. But it is not my purpose here to apologize for the diplomacy of the Roosevelt administration; nor is it to deny the influence of Communist agents and spies in the American government; nor is it, incidentally, to embarrass politicians like McCarthy, who accepted Communist support in his 1946 campaign for the Senate, or McCarthyites like Walter Winchell who told millions in 1944 that the "fear of Russia" is a "bogey." (Both men have survived such embarrassing revelations.)

My purpose is to show that wartime pro-Soviet feeling was far more widespread, had much deeper roots, received encouragement from much more respectable quarters, than it is discreet to remember

now in the year 1954. Once the American people realize that the "softness" allegedly responsible for the fall of China was not confined to the White House and not the result of a conspiracy, they may begin to look for the real and deep-rooted causes of the tragic absorption of China into the Communist Empire.

II

In 1942 the excellent New York *Times* journalist, James Reston, came out with a book, *Prelude to Victory*, in which he discussed, among other things, the responsibilities of a newspaper toward the war effort. He was disturbed by the Washington *Times-Herald* which, in an editorial sharply attacking Russia for its failure to join the struggle against Japan, had written that "we cannot expect too much of Russia. The bear that walks like a man does not always think like a man." Reston commented:

> Now I ask you, what is the point of that kind of scurrilous criticism . . . It is not alone that editorials like this have a negative quality. They can do positive harm, as any reporter who has ever stepped inside a Russian embassy will tell you. . . .

He explained that while he was not in favor of a "moratorium on criticism of our allies" he was against anything but "constructive criticism." He urged journalists to consider the political and military effect of their correspondence. Objective reporting which was "negative" and did not contribute to the winning of the war was more than unnecessary, it was harmful, "as any reporter who has stepped inside a Russian embassy can tell you."

James Reston, who was acutely conscious of the problems of a newspaper editor, voiced the wartime philosophy of journalism consciously. But for others the new demands were incorporated into the daily copy unconsciously. In a totalitarian country such alterations of "line" are made overnight by governmental decree and there are no loose ends—such as the *Times-Herald*—sticking out. But in the United States the changes demanded by war occurred slowly, with a certain degree of spontaneity. For some, however, it was too slow. Bishop Manning thundered on August 24, 1942: "Anything in the nature of anti-British propaganda or anti-Russian propaganda . . . is a dangerous and peculiarly despicable form of sabotage." This was an exaggerated

expression of a general feeling which gripped America as the war consumed more and more of its energies.

The problem was deeper than that of maintaining cordial relations between the allies. The problem of the maintenance of public morale under increasingly difficult conditions was even more pressing. Our soldiers were soon to risk their lives; our citizens were paying enormously high taxes and submitting to an ever-tightening rationing. Would the American people have permitted the shipment of billions of dollars of goods and war materiél to the Soviet Union had they felt a measure of the hatred they now feel toward the Soviet Union, even with the menace of Hitler's legions before them? Clearly it was necessary to create and intensify feelings of good will toward our allies and to sustain a mood of optimism generally toward the future. Henry Wallace's naive platitudes on the "century of the common man" were front-page stories in this era because, among many sections of the population, these words represented "something worth fighting for." Under these slogans men would fight with a valor and heroism which more stodgy and realistic slogans could hardly hope to elicit. In those days, when the nation itself seemed at stake, nothing was spared, not even inherited misgivings about the unnatural offspring of the Bolshevik revolution.

In November 1941, *Collier's* magazine ran an editorial in which it asked: "Why all these efforts to pretend that Russia is something which we know it is not? Russia is not a democracy . . . why kid ourselves otherwise?" Two years later, in December, 1943, *Collier's* again posed the question: "What kind of country is Russia, anyway?" It is surely neither Socialistic nor Communist, *Collier's* replied, but rather it has a "modified capitalist set-up," with wide wage differentials, industrial piece-rates, savings' banks, and well-paid industrial managers living at standards "enjoyed by leaders of private industry in this country." Therefore, *Collier's* concluded, Russia was "evolving from a sort of Fascism . . . toward something resembling our own and Great Britain's democracy."

The astounding political metamorphosis revealed in these two editorials was also evident in *Collier's* feature articles. Quentin Reynolds' article, "A Russian Family," published August 7, 1943, is a good example of *Collier's* wartime output. The central point of his correspondence was that Russian families were quite like American

families, "much like the Smiths or the Jones on your block." Many homey touches were introduced to reinforce his point:

> Grandma Starotsin looks much like any other grandmother, whether you'd meet her in Sevenoaks, Kent; Londonderry, Ireland; or Middletown, Ohio.

Reynolds assured his readers that the only reason the Starotsins had to share a kitchen with another family was that the building program had been interrupted by the war—as if crowded living conditions were unusual in urban Russia! As it was, the "average" Russian family Reynolds visited occupied three rooms!

Reynolds' article was typical of hundreds. Harrison Salisbury wrote up Eric Johnston's trip to Russia and noted with approval Johnston's observation that there was "no reason why close, friendly and cooperative business relations" could not be established between the two nations. Salisbury's technique for ingratiating Russia to his audience was impressive:

> Mike Kulagin . . . boss of the [Urals] section . . . built like a Golden Gloves champ . . . tough as one of Zane Grey's Texas gunmen . . . could stand up and slug it out toe to toe with such American pioneers as Jim Hill, Jay Gould or Jim Fiske.

Collier's also published Donald Nelson's account of his trip to Russia in which Nelson concluded "we are both interested in the same thing —raising the standard of living and prosperity of our countries. . . . You do it your way. We'll do it in our way." Another issue of *Collier's* contained an optimistic account of TWA's plans for an air-route across Alaska and Siberia by Fred R. Neely. Siberia was portrayed as a rugged frontier land, with great wealth, and unlimited opportunities for enterprising men. Neely made no mention of the slave labor camps in Siberia about which much was already known.

For a magazine which had declared in 1941 that it was unnecessary "to pretend that Russia is something which we know it is not" this was an extraordinary journalistic performance.

But *Collier's* was by no means alone. *The Saturday Evening Post* competed with it in pro-Soviet effusions, despite the fact that its chief political writer, Demaree Bess, in an analysis published in March 1943, displayed a remarkable awareness of the impending struggle. The *Post*'s correspondent in Russia was Edgar Snow, whose pro-Soviet

sympathies were unmistakable. Between 1943 and 1945 the *Post* printed twenty-four of his articles and made him an associate editor.

On December 14, 1942 Snow described the "People of Russia," and quoted a collective farmer as saying that "compared to old Russia, it is heaven compared to hell." Another collective farmer, borrowing a phrase from Stalinist propaganda, told Snow that "we are beginning to have a wonderfully rich life." Another article dealt with Russian military men. The generals were "men of the people . . . an example for his men in every respect . . . clean minded . . . free from Freudian complexes"; in some ways a typical general "reminds you of a good YMCA secretary," but not, however, a "prude." Summing up the Soviet military caste, Snow wrote ". . . all his training and experience have made this man democratic."

With the exception of an analysis by Peter F. Drucker, Snow's ecstatic correspondence was all the material the *Post* published on the Soviet Union during the last three years of the war.

The outstanding contribution of American journalism to the growing wartime pro-Soviet mood came from *Life* magazine, which devoted its entire March 29, 1943 issue to "Soviet-American cooperation." Without this cooperation, *Life*'s editors explained, "there can be no stable, peaceful world."

Life's editors gave an account of the difficulties encountered in putting this special issue together due to Soviet restrictions and secrecy. "They live under a system of tight, state-controlled information." And then followed this extraordinary passage:

> But probably the attitude to take toward this is not to get too excited about it. When we take into account what the U.S.S.R. has accomplished in 20 years of its existence we can make allowances for certain shortcomings, however deplorable.

And furthermore:

> If the Soviet leaders tell us that the control of information was necessary to get this job done, we can afford to take their word for it.

Life acknowledged some difficulties in American-Soviet relations: "Though we both have the same aims . . . the methods we employ are in many cases diametrically opposed." Their conclusions: The Russians should be less suspicious of us, and we, in turn, should put more confidence in them.

This editorial was followed by a multi-colored photographic essay on the Soviet Union, describing the "vast achievements in the first two decades of the U.S.S.R.," picturing our ally as a robust and healthy nation. The collective farms shown looked neat and prosperous. The Russian farmer: "though he grumbles sometimes like farmers everywhere, for the most part he is content." Soviet collective farmers "elect their governing body," and "whatever the cost of collectivization . . . the historic fact is that it worked . . . the system satisfies both socialism which abhors private ownership . . . and the peasant, who wants to own land."

Life's condensation of Russian history followed the well-known pattern set by Soviet historians, lauding the great and brutal Czars who welded together the Russian state. Their history is climaxed by Lenin, the "well-balanced" leader of the Bolsheviks who "made the Revolution make sense and saved it from much of the folly of the French Revolution."

Adhering to the popular wartime glorification of the Great Russians, *Life* described them as "one hell of a people" who "look like Americans, dress like Americans, and think like Americans." Stalin is recognized as a dictator, but *Life*'s editors seemed not especially disturbed by the fact. On the contrary, a formalistic discussion of Soviet election procedures leaves the impression of a large degree of self-government in the Soviet Union. A chart is included of the Soviet government, with arrows, designating lines of power, leading from the masses to the higher organs of power.

In order to familiarize the American people with the work of the NKVD (the successor to the GPU) *Life* refers to it as "a national police similar to the FBI" whose job is "tracking down traitors." The popular theory that all the objects of the NKVD's widespread and interminable activities were "traitors" and German spies was given thorough respectability by Joseph Davies, the former American envoy to the Soviet Union, whose analysis of the Russian role in world affairs appeared in this issue of *Life*. Davies, who was introduced by *Life* as a foremost expert, answered a series of questions, among them the following:

> Can we assume that the rulers of Russia are men of goodwill toward other nations and that they desire a peaceful, stable world? . . .

"Yes," Davies replied, ". . . the Soviet Union is not a predatory power like Germany and Japan. . . ." Davies' postwar forecasts were without exception optimistic; he expected complete Russian cooperation in building a strong postwar China under Chiang Kai Shek's leadership. *Life* registered no complaints on any of these judgments.

Davies was much in demand throughout America at this time. Three weeks after *Life*'s memorable Russian edition appeared, Warner Brothers released its cinematic version of Davies' book *Mission to Moscow*. Critics found the movie even more favorable to the Soviet Union than the book. *Life* itself remarked, in a somewhat critical vein, that the film made the Russians "look and act like residents of Kansas City, and the American standard of living appears to prevail throughout the Soviet Union." Bosley Crowther, the New York *Times*' critic, was not impressed with the movie, but observed that "still it should be a valuable influence to more clear-eyed and searching thought."

Davies was so popular that the *Reader's Digest* published *Mission to Moscow* in condensed form in one of its issues. The condensation included Davies' unforgettable analysis of the great purges of 1936-38:

> "What about the fifth columnists in Russia?"
> I replied, right off the anvil, "There aren't any—they shot them."

In the same article Davies explained away the Nazi-Soviet pact, justified the Stalinist dictatorship, and lionized the dictator himself.

The *Digest*'s coverage of wartime Russia was not, in fact, very much more restrained than *Life*'s. Its correspondent in Moscow was Maurice Hindus who reported enthusiastically on the vigor and resourcefulness of the people brought up under Soviet rule. Hindus's accounts were written with a great deal more knowledge and discretion than those by reporters of Reynolds' calibre, but with essentially the same purpose and result.

The *Digest* also published a condensation of Sumner Welles' *Time for Decision* in which Welles predicted that "Russia will act on the theory that her prosperity can be assured only through an international organization capable of maintaining peace." Welles maintained moreover that Russia was "entitled to take such steps as it may judge best to create a regional system of Eastern Europe." As for the Soviet system itself, Welles expressed the view that it was "superficially true . . . from the standpoint of our Western tradition" that it was a

dictatorship, but that "from the standpoint of the Russian people, it is a hopelessly inadequate appraisal." Like *Life* in the case of Davies, the *Digest* printed these views without editorial objection or qualification.

Early in the war—1942—the *Digest* condensed a book called *The Problems of Lasting Peace* by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Their extensive survey of postwar possibilities was in no way distinguished, and is mentioned here only for one reason: the Soviet Union was not even considered by the authors as one of the "problems" involved in achieving a "lasting peace." Indeed, the Soviet Union is hardly considered at all, and one can assume that the authors entertained few fears about postwar Soviet designs on the rest of the world. Of course, the book was written early in the war when only the most far-sighted observer could foresee the enormous power with which the Soviet Union would emerge from the war. But that fact merely underlines the hypothesis of this essay by indicating how unprepared the American people were for the postwar years, even an American who was one of three Republican Presidents who refused to extend diplomatic recognition to Soviet Union during their terms of office.

In all fairness, it should be pointed out that in the middle of 1944 both the *Digest* and *Life* recovered a portion of their balance with regard to the Soviet Union. In the latter half of 1944 *Life* published William Bullitt's sharply critical analysis of the emerging Soviet policies in Eastern Europe, and the *Digest* published William L. White's controversial *Report on the Russians*. But the recovery, even late in 1944, was not complete. In the very same issue—October 1944—in which the *Digest* offered its readers Alexander Barmine's warning of the nefarious designs of his former Kremlin employers, it also published Eric Johnston's glowing account of his recent trip to Russia.

In this same period Johnston himself was evidently regaining his own equilibrium. After praising the Soviet Union in traditional wartime fashion to a Seattle audience on August 24, 1944, he departed from the "text" to observe that the Soviet Union was a land where "civil liberties are only a vague promise" and where, "if there is any religion, it is the worship of Stalin." And then he added this curious remark:

> In my travels I have rediscovered America. Never before did I realize the importance of our freedom, our standard of living, our right of habeas corpus, our Bill of Rights. Don't sell America short.

Did Johnston realize that he himself had come close to "selling America short?" Apparently so; the "travels" had served as a healthy corrective to impressions received abroad, and he had, perhaps belatedly, "rediscovered . . . the importance of our freedom."

But Johnston was not alone in his temporary flirtation with Soviet apologetics. On the contrary, those who did not pass through such a stage were in the minority, isolated and useless to America at war. The pro-Soviet mood pervaded almost all our publications. The *Rotarian*, for example, printed very sympathetic portrayals of the Soviet Union by Leland Stowe and Sir Bernard Pares. Pares explained that "unlike Trotzky, who thought in terms of communizing the world, Stalin has but one big yet simple idea. It is to develop his country. . . ." Leland Stowe concurred. Another *Rotarian* writer, Harland H. Allen, forecast a rapid expansion of Soviet-American trade in the postwar period, made possible by the "peace-loving character" of the Russian people. The *Rotarian*'s book reviewer offered the following reading list on Russia: Davies' *Mission to Moscow*, Pope's *Maxim Litvinov*, Edelman's *How Russia Prepared*, and Lesueur's *Twelve Months that Changed the World*. These books, all pro-Soviet, were becoming part of the national reading list.

Even nonpolitical magazines such as the *National Geographic Magazine* were caught up in the pervasive pro-Soviet atmosphere. The November 1943 issue contained an informal tribute to the Russian people by Eddy Gilmore which stressed the common characteristics of the American and Russian people.

> I don't mean the way we comb our hair or wear our clothes, but the way we work and play and fight. Our impulses. Our emotions. Our loves and hates. Our violences and our greatnesses.

The May 1943 issue featured an excellent description of Magnitogorsk by John Scott, who had participated in its construction. Scott's objectivity was not, however, apparent in the captions (selected presumably by the editors) under the photographs accompanying the article. Beneath a photograph of three Russian peasant girls standing with shovels the editors wrote: "Such stalwart, smiling girls taught the

Nazis the meaning of total war . . . these girls lent a hand digging a canal." Another photograph showed a man and his son reverently gazing at the Kremlin from one of the Moscow River bridges. "There, son," the father is alleged to be telling his son, "lives Marshal Stalin, Head of the Government."

III

To understand what had happened to American public opinion during the war one must reconstruct in one's mind the whole atmosphere of the period. America was engaged in "total war." The newspaper headlines daily described the ebb and flow of battles on a front stretched across several continents. By 1944 the nation was spending 100 billion dollars a year to maintain the military forces that pushed that front ever closer to the German and Japanese borders.

From the low point of 1942, when victory was an uncertain goal in a very hazy future, the allies had slowly gathered sufficient force to narrow the war to the long-awaited invasion of France and the encirclement of Japan. The invasion of the continent was the subject of ceaseless speculation, and considerable anxiety. Many thought that hundreds of thousands would be lost in the undertaking.

This was a time when the American people needed every kind of emotional reassurance which could be supplied to them. To sustain fighting morale, to justify huge sacrifices, men had to be infused with great hatred of their enemies and, at the same time, great confidence in their allies. To have questioned the intentions of these allies—upon whom so much of the war strategy depended—would have been to have jeopardized the entire national morale.

Hence it came to be that the war bred so many illusions; but this was nothing new. War inevitably encourages men to dream, to entertain vast and spectacular hopes. One of these dreams was that the war would be followed by a long period of world peace; this dream was based upon the assumption that all evil in the world had its roots in the demented personalities who directed the German and Japanese war machines. The very idea that evil lurked anywhere else had implicit within it the possibility of future battles. For this few men were prepared.

Hence the destruction of the German and Japanese armies became synonymous with the ushering in of a world of peace and plenty.

Hence the popularity of the term "unconditional surrender" which, despite its diplomatic awkwardness, neatly captured the intense feelings of hatred generated by the war.

For the very same reason that our propagandists distorted German history so that it became nothing but a series of military adventures, our propagandists expunged from Russian and Soviet history everything that might cause apprehension. Foster Rhea Dulles' book *The Road to Teheran, The Story of Russia and America* (1944), was a labored effort to demonstrate the historical precedents for Russo-American friendship. Summarizing the book, one critic wrote, ". . . as international relationships go, those between the United States and Russia have been exemplary . . . there is only one Great Power against which the United States has never taken up arms: Russia."

This was indeed true: but was it relevant? The question was not asked. The success of an effort such as the Russian War Relief—to which many distinguished Americans lent their names—depended upon the ability of our scholars and journalists to sell the idea of the basic compatability of Soviet and American policies and war aims. As we have seen, they set about this task with great zeal.

They were joined by politicians and statesmen too numerous to mention. It was impossible to overpraise the contribution of the Red Army to the common effort. For example, on the 24th anniversary of the Red Army, February 23, 1942, General Douglas McArthur issued this typical statement:

> The world situation at the present time indicates that the hopes of civilization rest on the worthy banners of the courageous Russian Army. During my lifetime I have participated in a number of wars, as well as studying in great detail the campaigns of outstanding leaders of the past. In none have I observed such effective resistance to the heaviest blows of a hitherto undefeated enemy, followed by a smashing counterattack which is driving the enemy back to his own land.

His modest conclusion:

> The scale and grandeur of this effort marks it as the greatest military achievement in all history.

Many of Eisenhower's tributes were no less restrained, and his personal expressions of confidence in the Russian military and political leaders were very much in keeping with the spirit of the times.

A very typical tribute was the one the Utah Senator Elbert Thomas delivered at a New York dinner on February 23, 1943 in which he compared the Red Army with the forces of George Washington. "Freed by the people's army, Russia today knows what she is fighting for. Men, women, and even children, have tasted freedom. They call it good." The very same day the New York State Senate passed a special resolution commending the Red Army.

On the second anniversary of the German invasion of Russia the governors of twenty-five states took the trouble to issue a proclamation extolling "our heroic allies of the Soviet Union," declaring that it was "eminently appropriate, and in the American tradition, that the American people should pay public tribute to such gallant and effective allies." A mass rally in New York on the same day heard the former Mayor of New York, James J. Walker, describe the "heart-warming gallantry" of the Red Army as an inspiration to civilization.

As if in reply to these gestures, two weeks later the Fourth of July was celebrated in the Soviet Union with American music, jazz, and laudatory speeches. The Soviet tributes to Anglo-American military achievements—since wiped from Soviet history texts—almost equalled the fervor of the Anglo-American tributes to the Red Army. This partial reciprocity of compliments naturally stimulated further expressions of admiration from the West. On the 26th anniversary of the founding of the Red Army (1944), Churchill dispatched a message to Stalin which included the following:

> . . . I send you . . . this expression of my profound admiration of [the Red Army's] glorious record. Inspired and guided by your leadership and by their love of the soil of Russia, trusting their skillful and resolute commanders, they will go forward to victory and through victory to peace with honor.

Poet Laureate John Masefield composed an "Ode to the Red Army" which was read at celebrations of the Red Army's memorable foundation throughout England.

Every device was used to deepen friendship with the Soviet allies. Russian music became enormously popular; Russian dances and folk songs were in great demand; symphony orchestras vied with each other to play Shostakovich's new works. The Philadelphia Orchestra was honored with the task of introducing the new Soviet national anthem, the "Hymn to the Soviet Union," to the American people at a special

1944 performance attended by Andrei Gromyko. The "Internationale" was also frequently heard.

The demand for increased cultural interchange provided an excellent arena for a variety of Communist-sponsored front organizations such as the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship. American opinion was so sympathetic to the Soviet Union that it was impossible to detect direct Communist manipulation. Indeed, the New York *Times* officially "welcomed" the commemoration meetings held in 1943 on the anniversary of the October Revolution "under the auspices of the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship."

On this occasion the "Congress" organized a great demonstration at Madison Square Garden in New York at which thousands heard speeches by Paul Robeson, Claude Pepper and Corliss Lamont, and applauded enthusiastic messages from politicians such as Sam Rayburn, Daniel Tobin and Jan Masaryk. Donald Nelson told the crowd that "the Russians who I met understood the meaning of a square deal and a firm agreement." Joseph Davies spoke too, stressing the common idealism of the Soviet and American peoples. William Green, President of the AFL, also addressed the gathering, and though his remarks lacked the blind enthusiasm of the other speakers, he too lauded the recent Moscow Conference upon which so much of the diplomacy of Yalta and Teheran was to be based.

The middle of 1943 was a period which *Life* labeled, apparently with some justification, "the era of good feeling," because the comradery between the Allies reached its highest pitch during those months. *Life*'s Russian edition appeared in March, followed shortly by the Warner Brothers' version of *Mission to Moscow*. In April Wendell Willkie's widely read account of his good-will tour of our Allies, *One World*, appeared. Walter Lippmann said at the time that *One World* contained one of the two finest analyses of the Soviet Union that had reached the public (*Mission to Moscow*, incidentally, was the other). Willkie was conscious of potential sources of friction between the United States and Russia, but he had great confidence in our ability to overcome them because, as he put it

> The Russians, like us, are a hardy, direct people and have a great admiration for everything in America, except the capitalist system. And frankly, there are many things in Russia that we can admire—its vigor, its vast dreams, its tenacity of purpose. . . .

Willkie's confidence did not waver in the early months of 1944 when, with the growing dispute over Russian plans for Poland and the timing of the Second Front, Russo-American relations cooled a little. In an article in the *Times* published January 2, 1944 Willkie wrote that while "some persons have suggested that Mr. Roosevelt has gone too far" at Moscow, Cairo and Teheran, "in my judgment, he has not gone far enough." At the same time, Willkie confessed that Soviet activities in the newly liberated regions of Eastern Europe were not absolutely clear.

The wartime American infatuation with things Soviet took a variety of forms. One tack was well represented by the aviator-turned-airlines-executive Eddie Rickenbacker, who upon his return from a trip to the USSR, told a *Times* reporter that he was "particularly impressed" with the "iron discipline in [Soviet] industrial plants, the severe punishment for chronic absenteeism, incentive pay, compulsory overtime work and 'no labor difficulties.'" In other words, like many Americans, Rickenbacker was delighted to find that, contrary to his fears, the Soviet Union did not pamper its working class. Indeed, the Russian workers did not even enjoy the basic rights and privileges accorded to the American workers, and Rickenbacker was "impressed."

The absence of anything resembling workers' control and the existence of a well-paid and privileged managerial class in the Soviet Union were frequently cited during the war as factors favoring Russo-American friendship. Walter Duranty wrote a series of articles in the *Times* showing exactly how far the Soviet Union had come from the utopian hopes of Lenin's days. For many, of course, this progression was not altogether welcome. But for Rickenbacker, Davies, and many others the reactionary character of Russia's industrial relations was something of a relief.

Rickenbacker did not, however, confine his enthusiasm to Soviet industrial relations. He stated that Stalin's dissolution of the Comintern (1943) was, in his opinion, "sincere and permanent." And he added that

> Stalin's failure to respond to repeated invitations to meet with President Roosevelt and . . . Churchill should not be misunderstood, since the Soviet leader has been extremely busy. . . . Let us keep an open mind. Let our great leaders, if necessary . . . visit Russia and Mr. Stalin with the hope of a more complete and better understanding not only during the war, but for the postwar period as well. . . .

Stalin's refusal to meet Roosevelt and Churchill abroad was not the only incident which brought forth apprehensions of the type decried by Rickenbacker. In 1943 our ambassador in Moscow, Admiral Standley, publicly expressed his irritation with the Soviet refusal to publicize the amount of American aid it was receiving. His sudden outburst caused something of a flurry, and brought forth considerable concern lest the incident offend the Kremlin. Senator Tom Connally, speaking on the Senate floor, deplored the possibility "that there should be any incident to provoke friction between the United Nations," and said he couldn't understand "why he [Standley] should make such a statement." Senator Alexander Wiley from Wisconsin was just as vigorous in his rebuke of Standley:

> All this fuss and feathers is just a tempest in a teapot. Stalin appreciates what the United States has done for Russia . . . we must recognize that there is not going to be any selling short by anyone. We must paddle together or the boat will go down.

Senator Vandenberg was equally alarmed by the "fuss and feathers" that threatened the quiet of Wiley's "teapot": ". . . I am amazed," he said, "by Admiral Standley's remarks. . . ." The Texas Representative Luther Johnson remarked that "the Admiral probably got his facts mixed up a bit. I think it is unwise, when we are engaged in war, to make faces at our allies."

Admiral Standley was, as a matter of fact, replaced in Moscow not long after his outburst. This action evidently made him realize that the American public would not tolerate skepticism toward its allies from its officialdom, for after his return he took a stand fully conforming to the wartime cast. Speaking in New York on September 15, 1944, when the Second Front had been established and another "era of good feeling" had set in, he told a group of business executives that

> . . . after victory, security is the Soviet Government's next consideration. I feel confident that we are on the threshold of a postwar period of collaboration in the fullest sense of the word.

The concern for postwar "collaboration in the fullest sense of the word" was so great that even authentic reports of Soviet atrocities could not break through the solid front of inter-allied cooperation. In 1943 the German radio announced the uncovering of proof of Soviet responsibility for the slaughter of 10,000 Polish officers in Katyn Forest.

The Polish Government-in-exile broke off relations with Moscow, and there was considerable disturbance in Allied quarters. The concern, however, was not over the authenticity of the report, but over the possible harm its issuance might have on Allied unity. The New York *Times* called the termination of diplomatic relations between Poland and Russia a "victory for German propaganda," implying that the Katyn Forest massacre itself was only "German propaganda." *Newsweek* also scoffed at the German report: "The worst feature of the situation was that the immediate break was caused directly by German propaganda." *Newsweek* explained that the "violence of the Russian reaction" to the report was due to the "sensibility of [the] Soviets in dealing with foreigners"; and it referred to the "mistaken . . . unrealism" of the Polish-exile Government's request that the International Red Cross be permitted to investigate Katyn Forest.[1]

During the war our propagandists and politicians were on continual alert lest a piece of "German propaganda" turn the American people from its allies. In March 1943, Gardner Cowles, Jr., publisher of *Look* magazine, and director of the domestic service of the Office of War Information (the OWI), demanded that the people make an "unequivocal commitment" to postwar cooperation. Stalin, he reassured the people,

> . . . wants just what the United States wants—security and peace . . . we need to get over the strange notion which too many Americans have that we will have to fight Russia in another twenty or twenty-five years.

In June 1943, James Farley said that it was the "obligation" of all of the allies to band together in the postwar world, and it was therefore necessary to allay the fears of those who still suspected the "ultimate aims of our Russian ally." This general line of reasoning continued until very late in the war. Late in 1945 General Eisenhower told a House committee, after his trip to Moscow where he had reviewed a Red Square parade from atop Lenin's tomb, that "nothing guides Russian policy so much as a desire for friendship with the United States."

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[1]A House Committee which investigated the Katyn Forest massacre in 1952 declared that the suppression of information about the massacre was a product of the "strange psychosis" of the Roosevelt administration, a "psychosis" which apparently extended to *Newsweek* magazine.

It was in the spirit of these times that the New York *Times* published a number of articles by the Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg, articles which stressed cooperation and community of aims. Also in this spirit was Cyrus Sulzberger's report on his trip to Russia. The report was objective by wartime measures, but contained nothing critical of the Soviet Union.

But the *Times*' concern for postwar collaboration was mild compared to that of the New York *Herald Tribune* which wrote editorially in the following fashion as late as January 26, 1945:

> There are no greater enthusiasts for "Uncle Joe's boys" today than our troops in the Ruhr and in the Ardennes. . . . Here is one aspect of the international relations too often overlooked by the theorists. "Uncle Joe's boys" may inspire alarm in some sections of the armchair brigade, but to the man in the street they are "ours," and to the fighting soldier they are heroes. . . .

The *Tribune*—despite the obvious bias—made a very valid point, one which was very evident in the aftermath of the terrible "battle of the bulge"; the Soviet Army had borne the brunt of the ground struggle with Germany, and, without it, there would have been many more "battles of the bulge" for the American Army. As the two armies raced across Germany in the early months of 1945 it was indeed natural that some sense of mutual indebtedness was felt.

But what was surprising about the *Tribune*'s editorial stand was that it exulted in that indebtedness and attempted to exploit it for political purposes. Still the *Tribune* was only an exaggerated expression of a national trend. The bulwark of national thinking on international relations, the Foreign Policy Association, had little else to offer. At its annual luncheon in 1942 its members had listened to Vera Micheles Dean's statement that America and Russia had "two fundamental things in common . . . a boundless optimism . . . an inherent desire to improve human welfare." The FPA report in 1943 declared that there was "little evidence as yet to indicate that Russia would want to dominate Europe."

To the annual dinner in 1944 the FPA invited Sir Bernard Pares and Vera Micheles Dean, who delivered customary pro-Soviet addresses, and Alexander Kerensky, the man who had since 1917 symbolized the struggle against Bolshevism. But apparently not even Kerensky's fervent anti-Bolshevism could withstand the impact of American

wartime enthusiasms. The main burden of his address was to justify Stalin's reabsorption of the Baltic States and eastern Poland. Though he could not support Stalin as the leader of "international communism," he did recognize him, he said, as the present leader of the Russian people, and as such, congratulated him upon his triumphs. He assured his audience, furthermore, that the annexation of eastern Poland was in no manner in conflict with Stalin's concern for "international security," but rather an expression of it.

Another veteran of the old struggle against Bolshevism who now believed in the sincerity of Stalin's professions was Winston Churchill who in a House of Commons' address of May 24, 1944 offered this analysis:

> Profound changes have taken place in Soviet Russia. The Trotzkyite form of communism has been completely wiped out. The victory of the Russian armies has been attended by a great rise in the strength of the Russian state and a remarkable broadening of its views. The religious side of Russian life has had a wonderful rebirth.

And, in particular, so far as postwar aims are concerned, he told Commons after the Yalta conference early in 1945:

> The impression I brought from Crimea . . . is that Marshal Stalin and the other Soviet leaders wish to live in honorable friendship and democracy with the Western democracies. I also feel that no government stands more on its obligations than the Russian Soviet Government.

Thus Churchill gave expression, in his eloquent prose, to the hopes of the peoples of the Western democracies. These same sentiments were expressed, in humbler language, by the American Gold Star Mothers when, on September 30, 1943, they presented a plaque entitled "What America Means to Me" to the Soviet Government in appreciation of the "magnificent" fight of the Red Army and in token of the "common aims of the youth of Russia and of this country." Juri S. Okov, secretary to the Soviet Consul in New York, accepted the gift in the name of his government in a solemn ceremony at Rockefeller Center.

IV

As I have already indicated, resistance to the wartime enthusiasm in America for the Soviet Union was neither extensive nor powerful. But throughout the war a steady undercurrent of resistance—isolated,

confined, and subdued—did exist, and continued to produce sideline hecklers. The resistance came from two widely separated centers of political thought.

On the one hand, there was the anti-Communist left, and on the other there was the isolationist and anti-Communist right. As might be expected, the immunity of these two groups was based upon distinct and mutually exclusive premises and experiences. The isolationist right had fought America's entrance into the war and even in war was not altogether resigned to many of its political implications, particularly the degree to which the war compromised America's sovereignty. The anti-Communist left, on the contrary, had led the fight for American involvement in the anti-fascist struggle, and supported the military struggle wholeheartedly. It had, however, great misgivings about the collaboration with the Soviet Union, an uneasiness which had its roots in the genuine knowledge and hatred of totalitarianism of the anti-Stalinist left.

"Begging nobody's pardon," the New York *Daily News* recently boasted in an editorial, "this newspaper never did get suckered into believing that Bloody Joe was fighting for anything but eventual Communist domination of the world." The boast is largely accurate, even though the *News* and other reactionary newspapers published their share of praise for the "gallant and mighty Red Army" as well as the correspondence of journalists sympathetic to the Soviet Union. They published few full-scale attacks on the Soviet Union, and respected, to some degree, James Reston's strictures. But neither did they glorify the Soviet social system or forecast everlasting cooperation and peace between the wartime allies. The conservative *Reader's Digest*, as we noted before, published the optimistic analyses of Welles and Johnston; but at the same time when friction between the allies began to grow ominous, it published Barmine and White's attacks.

The approach of the anti-Communist left was different in character, much more positive and forthright. It did not control any mass media, and was therefore under no compulsion to muffle its suspicions. When Davies' book *Mission to Moscow* was issued as a movie in April 1943, Norman Thomas organized a protest memorandum which was signed by 52 people most of whom were anti-Communist liberals, leftists and New Dealers. The statement asserted that the film "falsifies

and glorifies dictatorship . . . creates the impression that the methods of Stalin were not incompatible with genuine democracy."

Members of the same general grouping organized a meeting to protest the Kremlin execution of two prominent Polish Socialist Bundists early in the war. While the *Times* buried the report of the execution in a back page, the Social Democratic *New Leader* displayed it prominently. The protest meeting reached the front page of the *Times*, but Litvinov's lame explanation of the execution was again given an insignificant niche in the *Times*.

The same pattern was followed when the story of the Katyn Forest massacre was made public by the Germans. *Newsweek* ridiculed the German claims; but the *New Leader*, the *American Mercury*, *Commonweal* took it seriously, and tried to warn others of its meaning for America. These groups were composed of both Socialists who had fought Communists at home and ex-Communists who had gained a first-hand knowledge of Communist techniques; the war-time excitement could not dull their memories, and they tried to give America the benefit of their unique experiences with Communism.

For this group the wartime period was one of intense frustration. They saw their country engulfed by the slogans and rationale of Soviet apologetics which they had fought in the labor movement for so many years. They watched painfully as our major organs of expression absorbed the arguments and atmosphere of the Popular Front. They looked on in anxiety as Communists infiltrated agencies of propaganda and public opinion, unnoticed because their own "line" so nearly coincided at the time with that of *Life*, *Collier's* and the Office of War Information.

Indeed, in this period in American life, the Communists were in a far better position to serve American interests, as they were visualized at the time, than the anti-Communist liberal. The Communists were ready, indeed eager, to provide America with that type of rationale for Soviet injustices which America required for emotional reassurance. The Communists supported the war effort with a vigor and certainty which was compelling, and urged only that more of America's resources be given to the pursuit of victory. In the labor movement they advanced and supported the "no strike pledge"; they tolerated no serious criticisms of the American system; and indeed, they opposed the efforts of Negro leaders to organize a march on Washington to protest segregation in the armed forces.

So well indeed had the Communists harmonized themselves with the wartime political atmosphere that Earl Browder, then the American Communist leader, told a reporter that he saw "nothing strange" about the resemblance of the Communist program to that of the NAM! Browder's reply to the reporter's question reveals a great deal about both the Communists and the general milieu of American politics during the last war.

V

The causes of the extraordinary success of world Communism in the postwar years lie in social and economic conditions which this essay cannot deal with in any comprehensive fashion. In some places the powerful and victorious Red Army was the direct agent of social change; in others spontaneous and indigenous forces fed the growing Communist parties; in still others it was a combination of the two which, in the chaos that followed the destruction of the Japanese and German empires, toppled already shattered kingdoms.

Overnight—so it seemed—600 million people vanished behind the Iron Curtain, and Communist parties of immense strength in Europe and Asia were clamoring for entrance. Most of America still awaits an explanation for this shattering experience.

A small minority examines political systems, standards of living, economic doctrines, fading classes and cultures; and seeks an answer. The vast majority are convinced that the terrible onslaught was due to the policies of the American government.

Yet this essay should make it clear that hardly anyone in America was prepared for the aftermath of World War II. Had we been prepared, it is doubtful that we could have, short of war, denied the Russians the "fruits" of their military victory. But were we?

A nation-wide poll taken in 1942 asked the American people, "If you had to choose, which would you rather see in control of Europe—Germany or Russia?" Six per cent replied Germany; twenty-three per cent did not know; and seventy-one per cent answered Russia! This was early in the war; and the possibility of Russian control was then extremely remote. But the statistics nonetheless indicate the gulf between wartime attitudes and those which were necessary for a full-scale counter-offensive against the Russians. In January 1945 the people were asked, "Do you think that we shall get along better with Russia

in the future than we did in the past, not so well, or about the same?" Ten per cent did not know; twenty per cent foresaw relations "about the same"; forty-eight per cent envisaged improved relations; and only twenty-two per cent believed relations would deteriorate. Twenty-two per cent was not a very large margin within which politicians could conduct a resolute and forceful foreign policy to counter the emerging Soviet designs. And among those twenty-two per cent—how many were ready to risk war in order to retrieve Yugoslavia or hold Prague?

There can be no doubt on this score: the overwhelming majority of the American people were favorably disposed toward the Soviet Union at the end of the war. It is clear too that this sentiment was not the product of conspiratorial left-wing manipulations. A *Fortune* magazine poll conducted by Elmo Roper in 1943 indicated that of various segments of the American population the group designated as "executives" had the greatest confidence in Soviet postwar intentions! Forty-eight per cent of the "executives" were convinced that "after the war . . . Russia . . . will not try to bring about Communist governments in other countries." On the other hand, according to Roper, only thirty-one per cent of the entire population was of the same belief. Roper's poll indicated a greater degree of uncertainty regarding Soviet postwar intentions than the polls taken in 1944, a discrepancy which is not altogether understandable. But, for our purposes the importance of his poll lies in the fact that it suggests that the most responsible citizens in America were the very ones most imbued with the wartime confidence in the Soviet Union.

Roper's breakdown only reinforces our conviction that the pro-Soviet feelings were not primarily the product of Communist manipulations. "Executives" are hardly a class traditionally vulnerable to Communist propaganda; on the contrary, they are most nearly immune to it. But they are the group most attentive to the complex demands of the American national interest, and during the war a degree of "sympathy" with the Soviet Union was apparently in the American national interest.

The first discernible shift in American attitudes toward the Soviet Union came in the first six months of 1945, when the war with Germany was brought to an end, and when the Soviet intention to absorb all of Eastern Europe into her orbit became clear. Pro-Sovietism was

no longer in the American national interest; and to many it was already evident that Russia had replaced Germany as America's chief protagonist for mastery of Europe. Polls taken in September reflected this shift, but also indicated that the mass of American people were far from ready to commit themselves to the costly and difficult struggle with the Soviet Union which was later to consume so much of their energies. Indeed, as late as 1948 the residue of wartime illusions was so great that only the Communist *coup* in Czechoslovakia insured the passage through Congress of the Marshall Plan.

The wartime illusions affected all segments of the population. But the only group which continued to act upon these illusions after the war was that portion of the labor movement and radical intelligentsia which the Communist Party could organize into the Wallace movement. Employing all the slogans and apologies which *Life* and other magazines had popularized during the war, this movement was a direct outgrowth of the wartime atmosphere. Its size should not be underestimated; it was calculated in the spring of 1948 that Wallace would have received close to five million votes. That he did not was only because of the impact of the *coup* in Czechoslovakia, the Berlin Blockade, and the extraordinary campaign Truman subsequently waged.

But in long-range terms the failure of the Wallace movement may be attributed to the failure of his gloomy economic forecasts to stand up before the dynamic expansion of American business activity in the postwar period. In Italy and France, where no such boom had occurred, the Communist parties were able to consolidate the hold on the labor movement they gained during the war. As a result, the illusions born of the wartime alliance still flourish in France and Italy. Only America's amazing industrial machine prevented a similar development here.

VI

Yet, despite the rapidity with which America recovered from her wartime illusions, she paid dearly for them, not as dearly as many of our contemporary politicians would have us believe, but the price was high nevertheless. Could it have been otherwise? It is difficult to say; no glib and simple answers are possible. The design here has been to show how irrelevant is the very suggestion that the failure to respond

more resolutely can be pinned on any particular group of ignorant or neglectful people.

Our extreme reactionaries today declare that there was an alternative to pro-Soviet wartime enthusiasm: We should never have been in the war in the first place, and should have, instead, either allied with Germany and Japan against Russia, or permitted Russia and Germany to have exhausted themselves in a long war of mutual attrition! That this is the most fanciful thinking is obvious: but it provides an insight into their line of reasoning, and their present view that America should either destroy Russia by sudden atomic attack or withdraw from all our foreign commitments and turn America into an isolated fortress like Gibraltar.

In both cases they oppose an alliance with democracies in a war against totalitarianism because they instinctively realize that such an alliance, and such a war, has an essentially democratic foundation and would have democratizing effects both upon America and the world. Such a price is so high they would rather risk losing Europe and Asia to Fascism or Communism than pay it.

The wartime alliance with Soviet Russia had a similar role in the general political layout. The Soviet Union is a reactionary and totalitarian power; but the world does not see her so. On the contrary, her entrance into the Second World War gave hope to millions that a better world would result from the war; and millions fought inspired by this hope. Therefore any power that participated in the Second World War had to compete with the Soviet Union in the struggle for a "better tomorrow," and this meant the slogans of social progress. The same is the case today with regard to American alliances with the semi-socialist powers of England, India, France and Italy.

Certain analysts—George Kennan is foremost among them—have deplored the lack of political realism in the slogans with which America has fought its wars. And certainly the cynical manipulation of emotions which accompanies every war is deplorable. But perhaps it is even more cynical to expect the American people to go to war without great feelings and passions. Should we be so harsh with the American people because they dared to hope that a better world was going to emerge from the terrible holocaust of the last war? These hopes were based upon many illusions; but the hopes themselves should be treasured, for without them our civilization is surely doomed.

A SHORT STORY

A Celebration for Joe

By HERBERT GOLD

Cousin Joe said: "Stay young? Live more? But can you stop the wind from blowing?"

I wanted to wear the black for him. For this departure I needed a band of black rage, tucked into my collar like a bib to catch the gravy of tears. "Don't be in a hurry, Joe," I said.

"The wind from blowing?"

It was agreed that he had to die. The doctors and the nurses whispered and clucked and hurried to present their bills and went on to other consultations. The house was full of death; it moved in the corridors as if the windows had been opened to this subtle breeze. His room was flower-soft with it. His great head lay embedded in the wide bull neck and the mouth grinned its gold teeth at us. His wife cried, Elsie and the other daughters cried, I cried. Joe wept for us all, told us to be brave, but did not interfere with our pleasure in tears.

"It's not so bad, they're finding a cure for me," he said.

"Wh-what?"

"Next time it won't happen again. I'll go to the doc, he'll give me an examination and a pill like in the magazines it says you should. They got a foundation working on how to cure it."

"Joe!" everyone sobbed during those last days.

"I'm an old man anyway. It would have been something else," he said.

When the telegram came, I rushed to him without closing the door to my room, perhaps dreaming of revenge against my father's flesh, death the one answer to love, health, and power. But he was Elsie's father, not mine, and I wanted to see him because it was Joe:

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Cousin Joe, the good cousin in our family. Once he had peddled fruit, then sold yardgoods, then opened and closed a shop without even a fire sale; then suddenly he talked his way into the bricklayer's union. A mason who could lay thirteen hundred bricks a day, although the union said to him, "Please, Joe, six hundred is enough. *Plenty.*"

"Okay, the vacation's over," he had answered. "Only six hundred." And he got married. And he had four daughters—two married, two working for pay.

A second cousin, a skinny adolescent with a new collegiate flannel sportcoat and a mouth freshly astounded by Contemporary Civilization (A and B), I came to visit him because I was lonely at school and because "you can always count on the family for thicker blood than water." (My mother's insight, of course.) Now, the blankets pulled up high, I was aware of fixing the memory of his huge bald head shiny and bulging like a honeydew, with phrenological bumps and glints as he turned on the pillow. The weight was more than a pillow can take. A tuft of feathers was working itself out. "What you looking, Danny?" he asked me. "Dropped a penny in the sheets?" His nonchalance at present was a sign more deadly than the lamb's blood. The other nonchalance—the one mated to him which he had put on his family and no human being but Elsie had overcome it—was a thing which, under the watching of his daughters and his wife, might make him ugly or comic to himself in the sight of his finish. The cheeks cracked for his grin, but this was no longer the grin that he enjoyed for the way it did justice to his teeth.

"Pa, be careful," said Elsie, the art school girl, her father's favorite —the ballet-slippered and flush-cheeked and hanging-on-her-father's-neck girl. She had never grown too tall or too heavy to take him about and jump to redden her cheeks against his. The dark hair, captured behind, of course, in a rubber band, leaped when she shook with laughter; it leaped now, although she was not laughing. "Do you want something, Pa?" Elsie held her hand on his forehead.

"How did you ever learn construction?" I asked, because he liked to talk about it.

Doris was saying, "He's not going to die." (He can't do this to me.) Sandra was saying, "He's not going to die." (He never did before.) Sulky Marilyn was saying, "He's not going to pass away." (Knock on wood.)

Elsie's lips were moving. She turned her tears toward me in a complicity of bereavement which, when Joe discovered it, included and eased him. Elsie moved her lips to say nothing but their silence. Her father wanted to talk for her.

Sarah said, thwarted as always, first by her husband's health, then by his sickness, now by both: "Don't! Don't! O don't, Yussel!"

"That's all right, Saraleh."

"So don't wiggle around so much, you heard what the doctor said."

He had never kept the promise which America was for them: *You will be comfortable, my children.* They could not believe that he would leave them alone now after having bothered them so long. (But Elsie believed it.) They could not accept that he would depart without ever once calling out in need of them, furious in their sense of his flaw—he needed nothing except himself and his work. Stubborn? the nervous shake of Sarah's head asked. That man is stubborn, the shake replied. (But he needed Elsie.)

"He's going to be all right," I said, patting the nearest soft back without looking to see who it was. He had been to the hospital twice already. Both times he had threatened to walk out unless they carried him home. Once they found him standing in the hall with his pants half pulled on.

The back jumped and said, "Don't!"—it was Marilyn.

"So how did you ever learn construction?" I repeated.

"Brick-laying," he said, grinning.

"The mason trade was all right, you have a good union," I argued, "but you could have opened a fruit store, be your own boss again, or a little ready-to-wear place. There's money in dry goods. The war proves it."

The blankets rippled; he was laughing, which hurt him but was still worth the crackling in his chest. "Whoever!" he choked. "Whoever! Whoever! Whoever heard of a man was his own boss? The Jews were in Egypt, they built the pyramids, you think they'd take a chance like that crossing the Red Sea if they were thinking about semi-annual inventories? At least bricks you do it and you're done, ready for the next job, you get a habit to stand off with the Irishers and look at it."

I looked.

"Yes, yessir, just like that, Danny. A pile of bricks is nice." He thumped himself, wheezed, unbuttoned the pajama shirt and showed the gray-black hairs curling off his chest.

Because the wheezing embarrassed me, I repeated a childish joke —"A man's best friend is his mortar"—and blushed.

Such generosity! He laughed in his biblical fatness, a fatness of oil, sleek and glossy. He laughed in his fatness and his sleekness while death chipped at his heart in this house which he had built, brick by brick, himself. He could afford laughter and patience even for a pimply boy in sport clothes and abashed by illness. "You stand off from the lot and say, Hum, with bricks. You say Hum to them. Listen to me, Danny. With bricks you carried that wall on your back, and that one. You carried that house, you set it down, you stuck it together."

"Okay, it's time to be quiet," Doris said.

"You go from job to job, and what you carry with you is how-to-do-it. Plus the union card, I didn't forget. You can build your own like that."

When it came to his own house, someone helped him with the plumbing and wiring. He had taken his wife to the country and given her a shack like a skeleton. A man of sixty with four grown girls left behind in the Bronx, he had fleshed out this skeleton. "They cry, they don't have to bother with us no more," he said. "Let them cry, it makes them feel good."

"*Sh!*"

"I was only saying what is true."

"Pa, you promised you'd be good if we let you come home."

There was a sad slanting fall of eyelid, and a hilarious fleshing at his mouth. "*Let* me," he said to Elsie. "*Let*—"

"I meant it another way, Pa."

"Be careful, girl," he said. "Don't stop it from blowing."

Upon the idea of a house which was this shack, he had begun to lay bricks. He learned support and insulation and joining; he had friends to give him a Sunday. And he learned carpentry, his voice ringing over the hoarse ravening of an electric saw. Mostly he lay bricks—that's how I remember him. Rising from a shack on a weedy lot came a house, while his bald dome glistened and he leaned against the hod and shook his head *yes*.

"What for?" three of the daughters had demanded.

"What do you mean all by yourself to build a house?" I asked, falling by respect into a parody of his speech. "With your bare hands?"

Elsie said softly to me: "You know how he likes it."

"Sometimes my friends help me weekends and the fourth of July. Sometimes I wear gloves. No bare hands—you want to try?"

"Don't bother," the girls had counselled me.

I even learned to mix cement, that grainy spitting soup with bubbles like saliva.

When it was closed in for the first winter, there occurred a moment of pensiveness in the family. "Well, a nice little bungalow," murmured his wife, Sarah.

"I don't know," said Marilyn, "no modrun conveniences yet."

"A house!" he yelled. "A place to live, getting bigger every year. Look! Taste it! Workrooms, storerooms for our junk, places to sleep."

Elsie admonished the others. "Pa gets a kick out of it. That's nice. Be quiet already."

"It's almost a ranch-style," Doris mused. "Stanley," (her husband) "he says you could sell it and get a nice little apartment in the Bronnicks." She pronounced the second syllable of *Bronx* with the negligent culture of a girl to whom museums come natural.

"What could you get for a home-made house like that?" And the answer was easy: "Beans."

He didn't blame his children for being American; it was a waste of exasperation. Besides, Elsie was American *plus*—plus something which felt like the pleasure of work, which he could not say in any of his languages. But he announced: "I don't want no nice apartment. . . . Want to see how I mark off the ground?" he had asked me. "Every man his own surveyor,"—and he paced exactly one yard with each straining thick-thighed step.

On that October day his daughter Marilyn had gone to the kitchen, which still smelled of wet cement. He watched her rub the dirt from her shoes with a newspaper. "Clean children I raised," he said. "They lived in the city with smoke and garbage, no real dirt, no work-dirt. Well, everybody enjoys like he can."

"It's not their fault," I said.

"Who said anything was wrong?" he said. He had learned in middle age to wield tools, to lift, to carry, and to swing down with

his legs apart and the fixed grin of labor running with sweat. He was barrel-staved with hair and tight high-colored skin, a house-builder with ambition for red bricks mixed with straw. "I ain't building me no pyramid, it's a house," he said. But it was a memorial all the same.

A sphynx—that monument of brick stolidly facing out over the deserts of Connecticut. Foundation and insulation by the builder, windows by the same. It had been brought on the back of a hard squat round old man from the Bronx. This, and not the bitter unleavened bread, was to be carried across the desert. And Elsie loved him! Is there anything more? He would sit in his kitchenette and eat buttered saltines and radishes and figure how to keep the fireplace from smoking.

The fireplace was smoking and he was dying.

I found him among the paraphernalia of death. Back from the hospital to finish himself out at home, he panted and gasped like a played-out child, still wide-awake and challenging his family with the suspicion that they wanted to put him away. Except only Elsie. The room was filled with a melon-fragrance, the sweet ripeness of decay. Under the sheet—it was now summer again—illness had tightened his skin. His body had swollen, containing death, holding it, embracing; he had swollen like a mother's breast groped by famished death, the blind baby.

"Aie!" wailed his wife.

"Oh! Oh!" said his polite daughters. More than their love for him, they felt and feared what remained of him in his dying. Elsie said nothing.

"I know," he said, "I didn't make no wills. Split it up someways, but don't sell the house."

"What should we do with it, Pa?" Marilyn demanded. "You can't expect us to live out in the sticks."

"Hello to Danny," he said to me, "come to see an old man off. The terrible thing, let me tell you, is all those doctors and relatives in the hospital. At least now the docs went away. Glad to see you, boy, but don't bawl me out. I had enough from them already."

I couldn't cry. He seemed pleased. A happy death?—that is, sad with the sense of waste which increases the gladness that such waste is still possible. Another way of saying it: Bricks were piled in the yard, mortar was drying in a bin, windows still wore the glazier's

stickers, but the house was finished enough. You could live in it already, which means that you could die in it. He said to me at one time during those hours while we waited, astounded by his wakefulness: "It's tough on the women." And then: "Well, take this house for a for-instance. It might be hard on her, but it's something to remember with."

The doctor had anticipated a paralysis, but there was none. "Stop talking so much. Don't be a dumb-bell," Marilyn said.

"Eat your dinner, it's getting late," he said. "Make them something good to eat, Sarah. It's getting dark already."

It was as if we were waiting. He waited, too, but did not insist. "I build a house, I make my own mortar. Bricks dried in the sun with red clay and straw—the straw sticks the clay together, the mortar sticks the bricks together." Naked under a sheet and pajamas, the chest rolled like a barrel and the tight high-colored skin shimmered like a ripe pear. Obscure disabilities and failures were occurring one after the next within his body, but Joe's eyes still recreated Joe at each instant, blazing from the great fat expanse of his head. The bald lids of his eyes fell in a moment's respite. If there was pain, we knew only by his withdrawal from it. Elsie, all youth and agelessness, waited by his side in complicity with this old man.

Someone's tears awakened him. In the air of his daughters' discontent his mouth gulped like that of a fish. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Should I hurry?"

We pulled closer as his face darkened with blood, smooth and strange with effort. His wife whispered, "What's the matter?"

"This time it's for me."

"What?"

He pulled himself half out of the sheets. "I got to go—"

"What?"— and she pushed his chest with her hands. "Lie down. Don't move."

"To the bathroom!" Part of his face went awry with laughter. "I got to go to the toilet."

"Stay in bed, Pa!"

"Yussel!" his wife cried. "We'll get you the pan."

"Get away from me," he said.

"I'll tell the doctor on you," Sarah said.

He pushed her away with a slow sweeping motion, unhesitating in will although, to his face, there came a look of surprise at his own slowness. Still smiling, uncaring about our watching, he grunted and ponderously rolled off the bed onto his feet. He stood swaying naked before his daughters, his wife, and me, his pendant belly dark and rolls of fat over the cord of his pajamas, his huge swollen old man's backside bulging. "I can do it myself," he said.

No one moved.

His daughters stared as if they had never seen him before. Elsie turned away, but the others went on looking. There was a bluish bedsore like a beetle on his back, and discolored marks where the pajama cord had cut him.

"Some baby, eh?" he said.

"Joe!" his wife cried again. She was too afraid of him to touch him.

"All right, all right."

"Joe!"— I heard my own voice. He could not get to the bathroom alone; he would take no help.

"I told you he'd try something like that," Marilyn hissed. "In the hospital they got facilities—"

"Listen, everybody," his voice came. "Listen, don't cry, anybody."

My tear-ducts and the apple of grief in my throat turned with regret that his shoulders and chest and belly could give none of their strength to the sapped limbs. His glare was fixed on the door. He stretched, propped with his thick legs straddling. He stretched again and scratched the hairy flanks under cotton, but his face was pulled tight with effort. "Don't say nothing," he muttered stiffly, and he stumbled, and his arms beat at his side, and he scampered against the bed which creaked and rolled, and he fell half-naked to the floor while we all jumped to him. *Oh no,* Elsie turned her head away into her arms. I think all of us yelled at once, but he was silent now. There was even a slight bleeding where he scratched his flank against the bed. The heart was unequipped for his desire. It heaved, it turned over, it busted.

Afterwards, long past suppertime, I remembered that he would want me to eat, and with this thought in my throat the warm tears came loosened to wash me. At midnight I took the bus, then the subway back to my dormitory. I sat in a Bickford's and ate.

The bin of mortar in the yard hardened, whitened, flaked until his wife threw it out like spoiled soup. But even ten years later, the three times of Joe and all of us are joined in a single moment which still hovers over his bed in that house where his legs were a-straddle on their way— the past time of the idea of a house, the present time when he does work with bricks, and the time to come when, nothing yet finished, Elsie would sacrifice her bereavement in order to marry. Their presence in a moment supposes a law about the happy and unwilling death of the man who finds a work that he likes.

The Hunter

By JOHN A. LYNCH

Where the bells
No longer sound
Where all around
The walls rise up like
Broken fingers now
There our father
Naked as the naked walls
Stoops in the dust
Stoops and calls
Our mother in the street.

A madman with a stick
Worrying the particles
Of broken brick
He finds
Hurled upon the rubble
Her arm
Its finger bound with gold
The skin as old
As leather
And he cries
And he is satisfied.

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Aldous and Heaven Too: Religion Among the Intellectuals

By FLOYD W. MATSON

"ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT TENDENCIES of our time," observed the editors of *Partisan Review* in 1950, "has been the new turn toward religion among intellectuals and the growing disfavor with which secular attitudes and perspectives are now regarded in not a few circles that lay claim to the leadership of culture." And the editors put before a symposium of intellectuals the question whether this apparent revival of religious consciousness was merely a temporary phenomenon or whether we had indeed "arrived at a new historic orientation" which might establish for our time a place in history as "the years of conversion and return."

Objections to the implied hypothesis—that there exists a new and significant trend toward religion among the intellectuals of the West—are no less readily conceived today than they were four years ago. One might, for example, accept the statement in its entirety and still question its significance for society as a whole—on the respectable grounds that intellectuals are a notoriously unreliable barometer of the public mood. Or, while granting the significance of the religious trend, one may doubt whether it is really "new"—recalling the intellectual appeal of theosophy at the turn of the century, the dramatic conversions of Yeats and Eliot thirty-odd years ago, the spiritual awakening of Huxley and others in the '30's. Again, assuming that a sea-change of some kind has recently become discernible in the moral climate of the West, it may be asked whether its direction is properly toward religion as such—since much contemporary concern for moral and ethical values has seemed to follow secular, humanistic

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and even scientific lines. Finally, of course, the hypothesis may be challenged outright, and the supposed religious activity dismissed as mere "failure of nerve" on the part of a handful of eccentrics on the periphery of culture.

Any one or all of these suggestions might profitably be elaborated at thesis length, and it is tempting to deal with them *seriatim*. The present essay will, however, treat these questions only implicitly and incidentally, while accepting the central hypothesis as at least sufficiently credible to justify an inquiry into its conditions and connotations. It will be maintained, among other things, that a contemporary turn to religion has been rendered plausible if not inevitable by the events of recent history and their impact upon the consciousness of intellectuals. The analytic method to be followed combines general history and case history, on the theory that the outline of the macrocosm is often best observed within the orbit of the microcosm.

* * *

When Aldous Huxley was publishing such novels as *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay*, some thirty years ago, he was widely acclaimed as a major spokesman of the Lost Generation—"the perfect expression," in Lewis Gannett's words, "of a bitter generation unable to trust any gospel . . . somehow striding through darkness with a laugh on its lips and no faith that there will ever be a dawn." A few years later, when the novelist left his seat in Limbo for a fling at love and life-worship, under the inspired tutelage of D. H. Lawrence, he was again regarded very generally as an eloquent representative of the main stream. "Mr. Huxley," as one critic remarked, "has given to his many admirers exactly what they were needing, a philosophy . . . which not only justifies but definitely bids them to lead precisely the life of their choice."

But when, a decade later, Huxley threw out his old negations and infatuations in favor of monastic dedication to a neo-Brahman cult of "scientific mysticism," involving elaborate rituals of mental exercise and spiritual conditioning, his admirers showed little inclination to pursue him into the desert. In general it was considered that this time he had gone a bit too far, and critics wrote him off for the most part as a pathetic divagation from the main stream: a rather shocking example of failure of nerve quite unrelated to the basic drives and tendencies of contemporary thought.

Today, however, nearly twenty years after Huxley's initial rejection of the world and the flesh, the critics are less certain. Those basic drives which seemed so evident only yesterday—in the interregnum of the '30's which Max Lerner has called our "lost Age of Confidence"—have somehow failed to retain their pristine clarity, and the main stream was never cloudier and less fathomable. "We shall do better," writes Ben Ray Redman, "to study the case of Huxley as an important case-history of our time. . . . Such a study may shed light upon what is happening not only to Huxley but to others of our generation, for his abdication is only one among many."

* * *

Aldous Huxley, born in England in 1894, is the heir and embodiment of warring traditions. His father, Dr. Leonard Huxley, was a prominent editor and teacher, and his mother was a niece of Matthew Arnold. Three generations removed was Great-Grandfather Thomas Arnold of Rugby, the eminent Victorian who strove, as Lytton Strachey put it, "to make his pupils Christian gentlemen and who governed his school according to the principles of the Old Testament." A generation closer was Grandfather Thomas Henry Huxley, that great protagonist of science and foe of tradition, whose example played a part in leading brother Julian to a life of scientific works. Of yet more immediate influence was an aunt, the novelist Mrs. Humphry Ward, who helped to introduce Aldous to the world of the arts. The discordant themes of art, science and religion thus contested in the home and in the blood of Huxley as a youth, contributing to the self-confessed "schism in the soul" which sought expression in all his later work until the final routing of the household gods beneath the light of Asia.

In this rich climate of opinion Huxley received an early and informed exposure to literature, and while still an undergraduate had revealed those special talents for fiction and the essay which were to be developed apart for twenty years and finally combined in the novels of religious propaganda. With these weapons he proceeded to turn upon and exorcise the family shades—the Victorian morality of Thomas Arnold, the scientific materialism of Thomas Huxley, the belief in art of Mrs. Ward—with a lavish and unmerciful display of satire and invective. The author of *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay*,

Limbo and *Those Barren Leaves* aspired, so it now appears, only to be "one of those great and lonely artists who spit in the eye of their century"—but if this was his ambition he had timed his arrival poorly. With the appearance of his first novel in 1921, he was heralded as spokesman for the postwar generation of the lost and foundered, the "bitter generation unable to trust any gospel," which conceived of itself by turns as beautiful and damned. There is little need here to draw the picture of the Jazz Age; the popular stereotype, in its mythical aspects of bathtub gin and rumbleseats, is all too familiar. But it is well to remember, as Rex Warner has pointed out, that "while it may be reasonable to lament the mood of cynicism, of pleasure-seeking, of irresponsibility that marked the twenties, . . . behind this mood was the bitterest disappointment and disillusion." The Ptolemaic moral universe of the nineteenth century, under siege as early as the '90's, was effectually destroyed by the war; but the Copernican revolution which followed was essentially a revolution of nihilism. Writers and artists retreated by companies into cults of obscurity from which, in the words of Henry Steele Commager, they leveled "an attack upon reason, meaning, coherence, normality, grammar, and morality . . . more insidious than any that had heretofore been launched." The attack was pressed on a variety of fronts—against science as against religion, against liberalism as against authoritarianism, against society, against reason, even against art. In virtually all of its aspects, the spirit of the nihilist revolt was most vividly and wickedly embodied in the novels of Aldous Huxley.

The optimistic generation of Thomas Huxley, following hard upon Darwin, had placed its faith in science as the repository of truth—with every confidence that the truth would make men free. But the generation of his grandson, following harder upon the war, rejected this faith as "the technique of magic made logical." What good, demanded Aldous, are "facts, theories, the truth about the universe? . . . Teach them to understand—why, it only confuses them." Great-Grandfather Thomas Arnold, speaking for a more august tradition, had proposed an antithetical solution (and dinned it into the heads of a generation of Tom Browns): religious faith and submission to the Divine Will. Impossible, replied the Huxley of the '20's. "It is this preoccupation with 'spiritual realities'. . . that has kept millions upon millions of men and women content, through centuries, with a

lot unworthy of human beings." And Love, which made the world of Mrs. Ward go round? Love was a "mere biological passion," just "hygiene," a relief for "itch and ennui." Not even Art withstood the all-consuming nihilism: "The last and silliest of the idols . . . the sweetest of the inebriants."

Throughout the early novels, as their titles suggest, Huxley's characters were portrayed uniformly as barren leaves collapsing into limbo, condemned souls burning brief candles at both ends and reveling in the antic hay of lust. Everywhere, as Edgar Johnson has discerned, the dominant Huxleyan motif was hatred: "hatred of stupidity, affectation, and hypocrisy, hatred of prejudice and cruelty, hatred of the ignorant and squalid poor, of the stodgy middle class, of the snobbish, vulgar, and cowardly rich." The hate, indeed, was lavished in such wholesale fashion that it is impossible not to sense beneath the display a thorough-going revulsion from humanity, a deep-seated distaste for all the living, within which germinated the seed of Huxley's eventual renunciation of the world and the flesh. (As early as 1925, in fact, the future conversion was foreshadowed; the final pages of *Those Barren Leaves* find the hero intent upon the study of mysticism, in a despairing effort to burrow "through the mystery to some kind of truth, some explanation.")

Huxley's personal renunciation, as it happened, was to be deferred; but before the nihilist age had run its course there were not a few among the intellectuals of the West who were driven by their own excesses of devaluation and debunking to turn for solace toward the cloisters: commonly toward mysticism with W. B. Yeats or toward the Church with T. S. Eliot. Like most revolutions, that of the nihilists had gone too far, and become infected with the germ of its opposite. The rebel, as Rex Warner has observed, "can only preserve his confidence by more and more outrageous rebellion, while those who have almost automatically followed him begin to regret the absence of the familiar images which he has destroyed." Increasing numbers turned aside to seek the familiar images; but for those who stood by the rebellion there was available, as it turned out, more than a single method by which to preserve self-confidence. Specifically, there emerged two alternatives for intellectuals fatigued with moral anarchy but immune to the consolations of religion: the method of "more

and more outrageous rebellion," which took the form of intellectual fascism; and the method of radical social change, which took the form of intellectual socialism.

Intellectual Fascism

It was perhaps inevitable that a revolt of the intellectuals against authority and tradition should eventuate in an authoritarian cult seeking to impose its own tradition. At any rate, a substantial attempt to rationalize and dignify the negations of the age into a positive philosophy was instigated toward the end of the '20's, under the chief direction of D. H. Lawrence. The English poet and novelist was as discontent with the moral anarchy of the age as he was disillusioned with traditional directives. His solution has been well described by Rex Warner:

> He attempted to build a new system for himself and others. . . . His God, for instance, must be the exact opposite of the "gentle Jesus" of his childhood. . . . Yet he was original in demanding a God at all, in asserting that there must be a re-establishment of a connection between the rebel and the universe. What is most significant is that he found the connection not in the mind or spirit but in something deeper, "darker" and more violent, in sex and blood.[1]

Lawrence's religion of intellectual fascism enjoyed a substantial vogue among the intelligentsia as the Jazz Age dragged to its denouement in dissonance and hangover. Prominent among those enlisted in the movement was Huxley, emerging at last from among the barren leaves of his self-created wasteland. The new commitment was first announced in *Point Counterpoint* (1928), which contrasted sharply with the earlier novels in its presentation of an affirmative and wholly respectable human being. In the character of Mark Rampion, Huxley attempted an idealized portrait of Lawrence—"not as he was," observes Edgar Johnson, "a nervous, red-headed little man, continually hectored by women, but as he earnestly wished to be, hearty, robust, well poised"—Lawrence of the new Arabia, whose philosophy of sex and life-worship had already lured the nihilist from his limbo and furnished him with a sense of mission. Later the new metaphysics was

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[1] *The Cult of Power* (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1947), p. 22.

described in detail in a volume of essays, *Do What You Will* (1929), where the disciple set forth "my notions of the life-worshipper into whose likeness I myself should be prepared to bovaryze the diversities of my personality." The primary assumption was that "life on this planet is valuable in itself, without any reference to hypothetical higher existences, worlds, eternities." God, for the life-worshipper, "is of course life, and manifests himself in all vital processes, even those which, from our point of view, are most repulsive and evil." The practitioner of this vital religion would aim at the achievement of an "equilibrium of balanced excesses . . . not by drawing in his diversities, not by moderating his exuberances, but by giving them rein one against the other." He would be "at times a positivist, and at times a mystic. . . . He [would] live light-hearted and earnest, and when the sick Pascalian mood is on him correct his frivolities with the thought of death."

But if the principle of life-worship seemed an advance for Huxley, a step out of the misanthropist's cell toward a unifying philosophy, in practice the effect was disappointing. Just as his earlier censure of the demoralized decade had led to his appointment as its spokesman, so his inculcation of the Lust for Life now served mainly to rationalize the life of lust. The prevailing mood of the generation was one of escape from all restraints; in Huxley's creed it seemed to see its emancipation proclamation. "Mr. Huxley," wrote the unfriendly critic quoted earlier, "armed with his already great reputation and literary style . . . has given to his many admirers exactly what they were needing, a philosophy, specious and apparently authoritative, which not only justifies but definitely bids them to lead precisely the life of their choice." The gospel of Balanced Excess became an excuse for any excess; and if his followers frequently lost their balance, the prophet could reply (in *Do What You Will*): "Speak for yourselves. . . . If one is well-born and well-bred one does not behave like a pig; one behaves like a human being." This pronouncement is a revelation of the basic insincerity of life-worship, the undercurrent of contempt for humanity in the midst of its affirmation. The pews in the secular church were in reality reserved for the few: "for the others, restraints from without in the shape of policemen, from within in the shape of superstitions, will always be necessary."

The equilibrium of Balanced Excess, however, soon proved as difficult for the prophet as it was for the disciples. In Huxley's hands,

the Lawrencian cult had taken on a rarefied and esoteric quality, an arrogant overtone which robbed it of effective allure and transformed it, ultimately, into less a cheer for life than a private escape from all human bondage. In *Brave New World* (1932), for instance, the one individual uncorrupted by the leveling effects of superbiology and superpsychology is a "noble savage" on the North American desert, who has turned his back upon a world he never made. Thus, some years prior to Huxley's open conversion, beneath the phallic point of life-worship the counterpoint of life-rejection was discernible. For some years the renunciation was withheld; then abruptly the scales were removed from him who had been eyeless in Gaza, and the light of Asia shone all around.

Huxley's religious experience constitutes the climactic chapter of his case history; and as such deserves close consideration. But it may be well first to set the stage with a brief discussion of the social movement which provided, for the generation between wars, the most conspicuous alternative to intellectual fascism: i.e., intellectual socialism.

Intellectual Socialism

The quasi-fascist philosophy of D. H. Lawrence had furnished a daring rescue from Limbo for a number of the more intrepid members of the lost generation; but its impact, beyond a few European trouble-spots, was neither so wide nor so deep as that of the radical philosophy which swept the intellectual world upon the outbreak of the great depression. Where the mood of the '20's had been largely negative and private, that of the '30's was profoundly social and affirmative. The trauma of the market crash and the sudden confrontation of economic realities "tore the intellectuals away," in Commager's words, "from satire and disillusionment . . . and brought them back to the main current of protest and reform." The exiles returned en masse from Paris and assorted watering-places, on the crest of a new wave of "conversion and return." That tough-minded but sensitive lightning-rod, Ernest Hemingway, who had once exclaimed, "Let those who want to save the world," was soon to be observed embracing the democratic world as "a fine place and worth the fighting for." The intellectuals were quick to discover a new source of belief in the Common Man; on the home front they enlisted in the class war and supported a militant New Deal in its onward drive to unionism and

the Welfare State; as innocents abroad, they engaged in a popular-front honeymoon with the revolutionary society which the Webbs were describing as a "New Democracy" and H. G. Wells as a "Research Magnificent." The age of confidence, recalls Max Lerner, "was always looking for solutions from the outside. It was always some vast external force like the revolutionary labor movement, or the leadership of Russia, that was going to do the trick."

To the intellectual socialists of the '30's, evil was an attribute not of men but of institutions; most prominently of the institution (the "System") of capitalism. Salvation was to be secured in the vigorous manipulation and maneuvering of these external forces: specifically, in some variety of socialism. The profound emotional appeal of political radicalism to many of the newly "found" generation has been aptly, if bitterly, described by James T. Farrell:

> Many liberal intellectuals, becoming embroiled in the politics of the day, found a deceptive conviction of strength, a delusion of force and power, and a false sense of new importance in association with radicals and allegedly radical tendencies. . . . A new world seemed in the making. . . . While in the West, there had been a degeneration of the post-Versailles world, the fruits of the Russian revolution seemed to offer promise for the entire world. Out of this promise, a new political religion developed.[2]

Before the depression decade had ended, however, those intellectuals who had hitched their socialist wagon to the Red star began to feel a sense of betrayal. Toward the close of the '30's, virtually every year saw the appearance of a new "graduating class" of ex-party members—as Russia's man-made famines and mass purges, its contrived trials and doctrinal somersaults, succeeded one another in bewildering variety. The spiritual torments of the converts to Communism during this time of troubles—torments frequently climaxed by excommunication and desertion—have been graphically laid bare in the published "confessions" of six former believers: *The God That Failed*. The intensity of their several apostasies, in fact, is a vivid index to the depth of their previous commitment. It is difficult not to conclude that the allegiance of these intellectuals was in every important sense a religious one; and it is significant that the symbol chosen for their ultimate

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[2]*Partisan Review* Series Number Three: *Religion and the Intellectuals* (1950), p. 60.

defection was of a "god that failed" rather than a hypothesis which resisted verification.

The most arresting of all recent examples of religious conversion among the intellectuals have been the curious series of departures from the side of the Commissar to the feet of the Yogi, of which the most notorious are the turns to Catholicism of Elizabeth Bentley and Louis Budenz, and the induction into Quakerism of Whittaker Chambers. These strange transmigrations, together with numerous others less highly publicized, should serve to rekindle interest in the nature and implications of the Marxist-Communist appeal. How is it possible, to ask but a single question, for intellectuals conditioned to despise all religion as opium to wind up themselves as hopeless addicts? A suggestive explanation is that contained in Lionel Trilling's novel *The Middle of the Journey*, in the words of an ex-Communist who has renounced the revolution in favor of revelation: "It is not so very hard. I am practiced in believing doctrine that is full of mysteries. I have, you know, been dealing with free-will and predestination and foreknowledge, in original sin and redemption, all under different names and with a different outcome for a good many years now."

The phenomenon of "conversion and return"—among ex-Communists if not among ex-radicals in general—cannot be categorized simply as a "retreat from reason" to the security of faith, but more closely resembles the exchange of one set of dogmas for another. "The pity of it is," as Philip Rahv has seen, "that not a few gifted writers are plunging from one debauch of ideology into another without giving themselves time to sober up." It may be taken as established that the ultimate attraction of Communism is not to the head but to the heart; perhaps, what is more significant, the Marxist doctrine itself derives its missionary quality less from the empirical-rationalist tradition from which it claims descent than from an immensely older heritage of apocalypse and myth. "There is no question of an analogy between Russian Communism and religion," Edward Crankshaw has asserted. "It is a religion, neither more nor less." To which Harold Laski has added that the Communist environment corresponds "pretty exactly to the mental climate in which Christianity became the official religion of the West," and that "wherever it has taken hold it has bred in its exponents a yearning for spiritual salvation." But this much may perhaps be said of any revolutionary movement in its insurgency.

Something more pertinent concerning the religious qualifications of Communism has been submitted by Arnold Toynbee, upon whose testimony the present case may rest:

> The elements that have made Communism an explosive force are not of Hegel's creation [but arise] from the ancestral religious faith of the West . . . and such elements as cannot be traced to Christianity can be traced to Judaism. . . . Marx has taken the goddess "Historical Necessity" in place of Yahweh for his deity, and the internal proletariat of the Western world in place of Jewry for his chosen people, and his Messianic Kingdom is conceived of as a Dictatorship of the Proletariat; but the salient features of the Jewish apocalypse protrude through this threadbare disguise.[3]

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This brief account of intellectual currents in the years between wars has sought to describe two secular trends which culminated in activity of an essentially religious nature. The first was the "revolution of nihilism," a product of the breakdown of traditional values symbolized by the first war, which found its ultimate expression in the "religion" of intellectual fascism; the second was the social-revolutionary movement of the '30's, a product of the secondary breakdown symbolized by the depression, which found fulfillment in the "religion" of Communism. The conclusion that emerges is that the deterioration of directives which paved the way for both movements left large numbers of the intellectuals, to adapt the words of Erich Fromm, psychologically "isolated and thereby anxious and powerless." Free of the shackles of old dependencies, they chose to "escape from the burden of this freedom into new dependencies and submission." For many, it is true, enough of conscience or of consciousness remained to compel their resignation from these camps when the full extent of their dogmatic authoritarianism and reaction became manifest. Yet this discovery, as Philip Rahv has noted, "has not led them to reject the authoritarian approach, no matter what its source. To accomplish such a rejection is beyond either their need or their desire, for what

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[3] *A Study of History* (New York and London: Oxford University Press, 1947), p. 400. For closely similar statements, see Bertrand Russell, *A History of Western Philosophy* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1945), p. 364; Reinhold Niebuhr, *The Nature and Destiny of Man* (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1948), vol. II, p. 166n.

they want above all is to be possessed by the spirit of consolation and to be lured by the promise of metaphysical certainty and social stability."

Aldous Huxley abjured the new authoritarianism of intellectualized fascism for the oldest authority of all. With the publication of *Eyeless in Gaza* (1936), the mystic goal of "nonattachment" was for the first time openly embraced. This spiritual theme, which was to recur with only minor variations throughout the remainder of Huxley's work, related the conversion of a jaded intellectual by a saintly Guru (Dr. Miller in *Eyeless in Gaza*, Mr. Propter in *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*, Bruno Rontini in *Time Must Have a Stop*) whose pure spirit was opposed to the squalid ugliness of ordinary humanity—in short, a holy man who symbolized, in Diana Trilling's phrase, "the perfect representation of the father-person, the Oedipal-ideal." With the appearance of the mystic dispensation, Huxley's hegira was completed. The years and books that followed *Eyeless in Gaza* provided only an elaboration of the ritual and a codification of the laws. In the spiritual rebirth of "nonattachment" Huxley had found a final refuge from his ancient adversaries the World and the Flesh—the world he had never wholly accepted and the flesh he had despised. But where the novelist had been compelled before to attack Man indirectly through the avenue of his works (his culture, institutions and organized religions), he could now with safety and assurance reject the human Ego, the concept of Time, the notion of Progress, and in fact humanity itself—having found the ineffable alternative to all of these. The ideal individual (the apeless essence), as defined in *Ends and Means*, is one who is nonattached not only to "bodily sensations and exclusive loves" (the Flesh) but "even to science, art, speculation, philanthropy" (the World). All ideals, says Mr. Propter, are "simply the projection, on an enormously enlarged scale, of some aspect of personality"; all ideals, that is, except "the highest, which is the ideal of liberation—liberation from time and craving, liberation from personality, liberation into union with God." No social action is of any use, because "the nature of things is such that, on the strictly human level of time and craving, you can't achieve anything but evil." In *Grey Eminence*, the biography of a corrupted Christian mystic, the author argued further that "no action is safe, except for proficients in the art of prayer. . . . It is a matter of ex-

perience and observation that actions undertaken by ordinary unregenerate people, sunk in their selfhood and without spiritual insight, seldom do much good." (Mr. Propter, cribbing from his creator, said the same thing more succinctly: "It's a matter of experience and observation that most idealism leads to war, persecution and mass insanity.")

This summation should be enough to indicate what it is the Huxleyan creed rejects. Simply and categorically, it rejects all institutions, all social plans, all common purposes, all organized activity—in short, all secular goals and worldly considerations. Having eliminated these, what does it place in their stead? "The minimum working hypothesis," says the grandson of Thomas Huxley,

> would seem to be about as follows: That there is a Godhead or Ground, which is the unmanifested principle of all manifestation. That the Ground is transcendent and immanent. That it is possible for human beings to love, know and, from virtually, to become actually identified with the Ground. That to achieve this unitive knowledge, to realize this supreme identity, is the final end and purpose of human existence.

In this statement of belief there is little that is original or unique, as Huxley has himself sought to demonstrate in *The Perennial Philosophy* (1945). It is the universal creed of the mystic, followed for centuries by the Hindu Vedantists, the Mahayana Buddhists, the Chinese Taoists, and within the Christian tradition by such eminent divines as Origen and St. John of the Cross. There are differences, to be sure, of symbol and emphasis; but the method of discipline in every case is contemplation, and the aim is union with the Divine. The task of realizing this "supreme identity" clearly leaves neither time nor inclination for considerations of a worldly sort; and when the goal is reached, it is completely and unutterably private. As William James pointed out, "The incommunicableness of the transport is the keynote of all mysticism. Mystical truth exists for the individual who has the transport, but for no other."

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Few among contemporary intellectuals, as Redman remarked in 1944, "have gone as far as Huxley in flight from the world, but there are numbers who are fleeing." Some, like the young Christopher Isherwood and the aging Somerset Maugham, have elected to follow Huxley at least part way along the Aryan path which leads to Nirvana.

Others, like the poet W. H. Auden and the novelist Evelyn Waugh, prefer to accompany T. S. Eliot on the long voyage home to a more congenial tradition (Catholic or Anglo-Catholic); others still, paralleling Yeats, have blazed their own trails outward bound. The varieties of religious experience among contemporary intellectuals are many and divergent; but for all their differences of destination they seem to share a common point of departure, a basic agreement upon the inadequacy and danger of modern secular ideals and ideologies. In the main this is the very dissatisfaction which led, as we have seen, to the earlier flirtations with romanticized fascism and Communism. It is the mood in which, some twenty-five years ago, Julien Benda composed his *Treason of the Intellectuals*, striking out against the philosophical currents of relativism and hedonism by which "the intellectual rushes toward sensation and breaks with the spiritual asceticism which should be his law," ending up with "values like action and love which are essentially confused or which have nothing absolute about them, but are relative to conditions that are material and perpetually changing." A generation later the indictment was to be revived and its volume amplified by intellectuals reacting to the war and the atomic peace. Thus this lament of a young English writer:

> Unhappily, there are many ways in which you can persuade those who have read Marx, Darwin, Frazer, and Freud, or who have caught the drift of these thinkers (for their ideas filter down in tabloid fashion to the masses), that morality is what is expedient, that right is what succeeds, that good is the way that history is going, and that the way that history is going is determined by those strong enough to move it, and that indeed truth and beauty and goodness are purely relative, that what you think true or beautiful or good today will not be so tomorrow. These Thrasymachean doctrines are precisely those Hitler has persuaded German youth to accept, with such fatal consequences for them and for us.[4]

The new quest for certainty in the atomic-hydrogen era, the widening concern for moral values, is by no means limited to a vanguard of contributors to the *Partisan Review*. Nowhere indeed is the trend more evident than on the pocket bookshelves of the corner drugstore. For two decades before the war, as Henry Steele Commager has recalled, "no popular novelist addressed himself to the problem

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[4]Leslie Paul, *The Annihilation of Man* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1947), pp. 195-96.

of religion in modern life." But the years since the second world war have witnessed a sharp reversal of the trend. "That the problem of the moral vacuum is focal to our time," writes Charles J. Rolo, "is evidenced by the popularity of such books as Liebman's *Peace of Mind*, De Nouy's *Human Destiny*, Wylie's *Essay on Morals*, best-sellers all." And over on the fiction shelves, as J. Donald Adams has noted, "for two years the first place . . . had been occupied in succession by three books dealing with a religious theme. Each of them was centrally concerned with the problem of faith, each of them was written around man's relation to God." And Adams concludes that "the response with which they have been met is evidence . . . of the hunger for belief, the groping for faith and the need for recovery of values which has been mounting among us."

But is the recovery of values to be found, as the ecclesiastics maintain, in the substitution of change-from-within for change-from-without? Or, as the mystics aver, in the rejection of Western rationalism in favor of the inner light of Asia? Not many of us would seem likely to be attracted by such a total writing off of the gains of modern thought. "Neither the saint nor the revolutionary," Arthur Koestler has argued, "can save us; only the synthesis of the two." A one-time disciple of violent change-from-without, Koestler now maintains that

> science has been forced by its own development to recognize its own limitations, and thus to make room again for the other way of knowing, whose place it usurped for almost three centuries. . . . To recover the lost half of our personalities, man's wholeness and holiness, the art and science of contemplation has to be learned . . . [and] if we are in earnest, we should not be frightened of aiming at a stage when contemplation is taught in schools side by side with Science and P.T.[5]

Much the same thing has been argued by the philosopher F. S. C. Northrop, who urges a meeting of intuitive East and rational West "not because they are saying the same thing, but because they are expressing different yet complementary things, both of which are required for an adequate and true conception of man's self and his universe. . . . Each also needs the other."

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At opposite poles on the spectrum of modern thought stand the brothers Huxley. For Julian, the biologist, with both feet on the scien-

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[5] *The Yogi and the Commissar* (New York: Macmillan, 1945), pp. 245-46.

tific ground of empiricism and induction, "Freud in combination with Darwin suffices." For Aldous, the mystic, with both feet on the Divine Ground of spirituality and intuition, "the only metaphysics [is one] that recognizes a Divine Reality substantial to the World . . . and the only Psychology [one] that finds in the soul something similar to the Divine Reality." For nearly two thousand years the western world had shared the faith of Aldous; for the last three hundred it has largely preferred to follow Julian. The contemporary product is the Age of Anxiety, an age (in Charles J. Rolo's phrase) "allergic to belief and uneasy in doubt," when the almighty *hubris* of science has been humbled and the physicists begin to ponder their assumptions. The Bomb has brought it to a mushroom head for all to see, but long before the first disturbance on the desert Robert Millikan had turned evangelist, Einstein had introduced the note of reverence into his equations, Eddington and Jeans had joined their voices in a hymn to God. In psychology Carl Jung has sought to prove that all problems are merely spiritual; in sociology such spokesmen as Pitirim Sorokin are seeking a revival of religious "altruism" to counter the atomistic trend of our society; while in history, as Ben Ray Redman has observed, "beyond the unread last page of Toynbee's as yet unfinished study . . . one can already discern the gleaming walls and spires of the City of God."

The quest of the intellectuals for recovery of values, if all of this has any meaning, is no mere curiosity; and the case of Aldous Huxley is not eccentric to our time. The roots of the novelist's aversion to the World and the Flesh may have been in some degree unique and private; but the fruits are common to substantial numbers of our generation. Doubtless Huxley chose an exotic avenue of escape from freedom, one which seems to most of us obscurantist and irresponsible. But the "escape" itself is increasingly frequent and even fashionable in a time when something like the Brave New World (of two-way television screens and an I.B.M. way of life) is all too plausible, and modern man seems obsolete. Possibly a new age, with a new set of gods, is struggling to be born. No one can predict with certainty what its outer form or inner faith might be; but on the basis of the recent record there would seem little cause to look forward to its nativity—except in the terms of Yeats's Second Coming: "What rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?"

If Huxley and his fellow converts, to put their crime at its blackest, have turned their backs on the future as well as on the present, can we be altogether certain that they are less our spokesmen than they were a score of years ago? To upbraid them for their cortical delinquency (or failure of nerve) is, in this view, about as meaningful as rebuking the mirror for what it reveals or blaming the symptom for the disease. "In the long run," as Huxley himself has somewhere pointed out, "we get exactly what we ask for."

Grisaille with a Spot of Red

By SAMUEL YELLEN

Winter, and the sky is a land of gray fiords
Where fogs drift and clouds twist,
All hung over with smoke and mist;
And blown across, three gray rags of birds.

Hill joined to hill by rough gray solders,
Earth is all ash and iron, lead and stone;
Trees are stripped to the brittlest of bone,
And behind and within lurk dim gray hiders.

And there across the gray countryside
Coils a highway, slate on steel:
And over the gray threshold, towards the gray goal,
Flashes an auto, red as blood.

SAMUEL YELLEN is well known to readers of *The Antioch Review* for his fiction and poetry. He is Professor of English at Indiana University.

I, Burning

By RICHARD FOSTER

I, rocking homeward with the wheel
A little in my hand, and wondering,
Think an unsettled little of the real
Of me riding the plundering
Ruptures in the pavement's back.
I, weary on the woeful road, slack
In my place droop and jounce from the world away,
Witless a little, and dizzied from the day,
Seeking as by some dwindled thread of sense,
Solace domestic for a recompense.

I, arriving, pause
And press surviving fingers in my palm;
I, pausing, cause
The fleshed bone to pulse me proof
That the yawning faces,
Bleak some, and some in rage,
Or brutish some, or some aloof
And insolently sage,
Were yet, this one more day, less real than I,
Though they,
Another day,
Maul with indifferent jaws until I die.

Entering, I,
Saluted by
Domestic bustle and a dedication,
Do bend and gather up my task:
To cast in arbitrary fires
The world's week's accumulation
Of proof, should we ask,
That the world—saviors, plodders, liars—
Is.

This is RICHARD FOSTER's first published poem. He has studied at Oberlin College and the University of Michigan, is at present teaching at Findlay College.

Burdened with ink and paper world,
I, a stained and paper man,
Step out along my grass that's darkly whirled
With the blown smoke of another man
Burning creation in his own back yard.
And I, stooping over the charred
Sepulchre of days and years,
Consign the universe's fears,
And mine,
To flame.

Dante, crisping in the gut of his dream's flame,
Could not have more his vision seared
Than I, under the willow at my world's edge,
By what, this autumn night, I see.
Faces of kings and names of fame,
Nameless faces and faceless names and feared,
Together darken and curl beside my hedge;
Babies and statesmen and talking dogs,
Armies and nations and poisonous fogs,
Ascend, all, through my willow tree
In soundless smoke.

And when, under the old stars' silent, timeless flame,
My judgment burns to a dry ash
And peevish spark the instant's doomed vagrant,
I, like God, snug in beatitude,
Sniff my heavenly evening's air, fragrant
And thick with the scent of a universe's burned blame.

And I, turning kingly from that desolation,
Pace my world's garden in my peace,
That I, parching the world's week's stuff in conflagration
Do not, in its coming or its going, cease,
But am.

Women in Africa: Notes on Religious and Social Trends

By REGINALD REYNOLDS

I MUST BEGIN with two warnings. First, my observations with regard to Africa only concern what I saw myself, in 1953, of the territories between Alexandria and Cape Town, on a fairly direct route. Travelling for six months overland (by trains, buses, boats and cars—but never flying) I passed through Egypt, the Sudan, Uganda, Tanganyika, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, the Transvaal, Natal and Cape Province.

Secondly, the object of this journey was, primarily, to see what signs of progress there were in those territories.. If I add that the reality of progress (or civilization) is something which—as I understand it—can be roughly measured by certain practical "tests," I am clearly involved in many assumptions and arbitrary definitions. Rather than discuss these I propose to deal here with one of those tests, which will explain itself and my own approach more clearly than I could hope to do by a theoretical exposition.

This particular test consisted of an attempt to summarize and compare the position of women in different countries and under different religious and cultural influences. It has the advantage over some other criteria that, within limits, it is something about which some generalization is possible. The attitude of men towards women, though changing slowly in most parts of the Continent which I visited, follows generally a series of patterns in which the local religious, social and economic influences can be directly traced.

Englishman REGINALD REYNOLDS has held varied jobs, the while he has made a name for himself as writer and speaker. In social history he has written *Cleanliness and Godliness* and *Beards* and *Beds*. He is a Quaker and has been interested in colonial problems for thirty years. The account of his recent travels in Africa (title uncertain) will appear in Britain and America about the end of this year.

My own familiarity with India and what is now Pakistan led me to expect something very different from what I found in Egypt. Gandhi considered the emancipation of Indian women to be an integral part of the struggle for independence; and I had seen in its early stages a movement which must surely have resulted in permanently changing the status of Hindu women. They had emerged as the most dependable demonstrators and *satyagrahis* in times of Civil Disobedience. They had also provided political leadership. A hostile British journalist, in 1930, had grudgingly admitted that this was a lasting triumph, if Gandhi failed in everything else. And he did fail in some things. Even when Hindu-Moslem relations were at their best, and Gandhi's influence strongest among Indian Moslems, he never had much effect on the women of Islam. Brought up in *purdah*, few had the courage or even, perhaps, the desire, to free themselves from the weight of tradition. One of my hosts in 1930, was a Moslem, a devoted friend of Gandhi, and Joint Secretary of the Indian National Congress. He was opposed to the seclusion of women; but he told me apologetically that he could not "liberate" his own wife. She preferred to remain in *purdah* and I never met her.

Hence my surprise in Alexandria and Cairo. Here Moslem women walked unveiled and could travel without a male escort. Co-education was practiced in the universities, though not (as yet) at secondary educational levels. Led by the intrepid Doria Shaffik, a women's movement had come into being, demanding political rights and complete equality. Egyptian feminists pointed to the many disabilities from which women in Egypt still suffered. They were right, of course; but to me the significant thing was the mere existence of such a movement—especially in a Moslem country. They compared their lot unfavorably with that of Western women; but to my mind it was not much worse (if at all) than the position of women in Victorian England. It is easy to forget how recent and how rapid were the changes which established the substance of sex equality in the countries where it is to be found today.

Cairo is not Egypt; but its cosmopolitan influence is felt up and down the Nile Valley. Even in remote villages most of the women I saw were unveiled. But the exploitation of the *fellaheen* (peasants and laborers) by the big absentee landlords has long been the greatest scandal of Egyptian social life and the poverty of these people was

painfully obvious. The agrarian reforms of General Neguib had, it is true, brought new hope to the peasantry; but these reforms were as yet too recent to show results. Among the few who showed a vital concern for the *fellaheen* the workers of the *Foyer Catholique* in Cairo were outstanding; and my contact with them brought me into touch with another type of "women's movement" which deserves to be mentioned here.

The *Foyer Catholique* is an organization principally concerned with rural education—long neglected, in spite of legislation expressive of good intentions. The driving force of the *Foyer* is a small group of Coptic Jesuits, of whom the best known is Father Ayrout, *primus inter pares* in a remarkably fine team. Father Ayrout and his work deserve a separate article; I am considering here only the pioneer work of women which he has inspired. He is concerned not only with village education, but with everything that affects the welfare of the peasants—also of children, whether in town or country. In order to carry out his big program of social and educational work he began, some years ago, to recruit the services of women. Only those who know something of the Arab countries can realize how remarkable was his success.

A social conscience of some kind can be traced in most western countries. It may exist side by side with every kind of social evil, but it is there. The most ill-gotten wealth, by means of it, may find its way to the channels of philanthropy. Arabic peoples, though personally generous by tradition (and often recklessly so by nature), do not seem to think socially, as a rule. The moment I had written those words I thought of notable exceptions, but I still think the statement is a handy half-truth (or, if you prefer, a useful lie—like Mercator's Projection). The idea of personal service to the underprivileged is certainly not typical of the Arab world—and still less is the idea of women taking part in it.

Like St. Francis in his time or Gandhi in ours, Father Ayrout addressed himself to those who lived comfortably in the big cities. He wanted women volunteers for his work and he got them. Not all were Catholics. One whom I knew was of the Coptic Orthodox Church. Another was Greek Orthodox. Jewish women helped. Moslems supported the movement financially, though I did not hear of Moslem women participating in it. The women volunteers of the *Foyer* whom

I met were all young and often very attractive girls—they could have been sure of a gay life in Cairo. Père Ayrout called them his *Responsables*.

The possible influence, on a wide social scale, of a movement activated by a minority religious group has yet to be seen. On one side, at least, the Catholic initiative is safe from attack—it is indigenous in leadership and in its financial roots. Father Ayrout himself comes of a Lebanese Arab family long domiciled in Egypt and there can be no suspicion (justifiably common in Africa and Asia) of Western infiltration and sinister foreign influences. The implied recognition that all social evils are a challenge to humanity and religion offers an alternative not only to the apathetic hedonism of the Egyptian leisured classes, but to the religious and political fanaticism which periodically sweeps the universities. That a lead should have been taken, in effect, by women is of the utmost importance. It seems to have been a deliberate act of policy on Father Ayrout's part to put women in the front line of social service in the villages, not merely because voluntary workers were more easily found among women, but because women were better suited than men to the work.

The *Responsables*, when engaged in social work or in raising money for it, live under a strict discipline. It is sufficiently novel for women to undertake such work without unnecessarily offending the feelings of those whose prejudices have to be overcome. (To take one small example they use no make-up on their faces and dress very simply). Father Ayrout claimed that his *Responsables* had won the complete confidence of village women "because they place themselves at their level and work with them like friends." In a class-ridden society such as that of Egypt this is a tremendous claim, but it is fully justified. In the long run I suspect that a vigorous social movement in which women take the initiative will do more than any purely political agitation in the towns to change the status of women.

Further South (in colonial Africa) where racial tensions present the chief problem, I came to a similar conclusion regarding the solution —that "functional inter-racialism" (association for specific purposes, especially public service) appeared to be the best means of breaking down racial arrogance and prejudice. I mention this here because I found the "functional" approach already under consideration in Cairo among leading supporters of General Neguib, who were concerned

with canalizing student energy into more constructive activities than periodic riots. The relevance of this to my present reflections is that it was through one of the *Responsables* who had worked in Europe with the *Service Civil International* that I was put in touch with leaders of Neguib's Liberation Movement. I found them keenly interested in the idea of voluntary work camps and enquiries have since been received by European organizations concerned with such projects, with a view to a number of selected Egyptian students participating in such camps in all parts of Europe. This move was sponsored by the Ministry of Social Affairs at Cairo; and unless it takes an unexpected turn of its own it should prove the beginning of a new and healthy development in Egypt—young men and women associating in manual work which will establish a new relationship between the sexes and bridge the rigid distinctions of class.

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The contrast between this hopeful state of affairs and that which I found in the Sudan was startling. (I use the word "hopeful" simply with regard to the status of women. There were many things in Egypt which one could only view with anxiety.) The cosmopolitan influences which have modified Islamic practice in Egypt have not touched the Sudan. On the contrary the Sudanese have inherited from pre-Islamic times at least one custom, all too common in large areas of Africa, which seems to give savage expression to male domination. That custom is female circumcision, regarded by most Sudanese as an integral part of their religion, though there is no basis for it in the teachings of the Prophet. Many people believe that the practice is partly responsible for the backwardness of women, wherever it is in use, because of its obvious psychological effects.

Among the male population of the Sudan enormous strides have been made in education. In all the professions one finds able men, fully qualified; but in no part of Africa did I find a greater disparity between male and female education. Few Sudanese parents even *want* education for their daughters. If they do, the restrictions on which most of them insist involve them in a vicious circle. Apart from a small number of English women, there are few women teachers with high qualifications. In some cases men have been introduced to teach girls; but in view of the existing prejudices there are obvious difficulties and

strict limitations in pursuing any such policy. For several reasons expatriate teachers cost more and the number cannot be greatly increased. The problem as it stands is that of raising the general level of education among Sudanese girls without an adequate number of sufficiently trained Sudanese women teachers—which again seems to depend largely on a higher level of female education.

The great power-house of Sudanese education, the Institute at Bakht-er-Ruda, in addition to providing teacher training courses for young men, refresher courses for male teachers and inspectors for schools, also works on textbooks. A significant comment was made on this excellent institution by the headmistress of a Sudanese girls' school. She told me that the textbooks issued by the Institute of Education, though admirable for boys, were not always very suitable for her use. "They assume," she said, "a knowledge of the world that our girls do not possess. They come here from the secluded life of a Moslem home, where they have seen nothing of the ordinary ways of life outside. They have met no men except those of their own families. The most commonplace illustrations from our world or that of the Sudanese boy are often quite meaningless to them."

In Egypt the most backward habits will be found among the poor *fellaheen*. Prosperity generally brings with it at least a greater enlightenment in the relationship of man to woman. In the Sudan this rule is to some extent reversed. It is in the poorest families that one sees least evidence of seclusion. (I am speaking here of the Moslem North, where the greater part of the population is to be found—I only saw the pagan South from a Nile flotilla, on an eleven-days journey up the river.) The poor Moslem peasant family in the Sudan practices little seclusion. The women even work with the men in the fields. But as soon as a little prosperity comes to such a family it seeks "respectability"; and that means the building of a house with a *hosh* wall (the wall that separates the women's quarters from the rest of the house). It is only when a Sudanese family gets beyond this coveted standard and begins to produce educated young men that new problems create a new demand.

These new problems, of which I found individual examples myself, have been brilliantly set out in *Black Vanguard*, a recent novel by Edward Atiyah. The author, a Lebanese Arab who lived and

worked for many years in the Sudan, traces the difficulties of the young Sudanese who, with a Western education, wants a wife capable of sharing his interests. He finds an arranged marriage with a girl wife of the *harem* type distasteful and disastrous. It is in the growth of this demand that much of the hope lies, so far as the position of women in the Sudan is concerned. It is a country full of vigor, with so much promise in so many other respects that there is some ground, even here, for optimism—provided that progress is not frustrated by a wave of religious fanaticism.

Closer union with Egypt, which now seems probable, has its political dangers. But—apart from certain obvious economic advantages to both countries—the influence of Egypt on the Sudan should be a healthy one, so far as the status of Moslem women is concerned. Innovations which would have been resented if initiated by the British might prove acceptable if they came from Cairo. Indeed, non-interference in religious matters, which has been basic British policy among subject peoples who have old and well-established religions (e.g. in India under British rule) was a recognition of three simple facts: (1) that no foreign rulers want to make unnecessary trouble for themselves by exciting religious fanaticism against the government; (2) that even good governmental measures are liable to be regarded with suspicion by a subject people; and (3) that where the religion of the rulers is not that of the ruled, both the previous generalizations acquire greatly increased force, especially where religion itself is involved.

The history of modern India since independence (and even before) shows that popular leaders can and will attempt innovations, breaking with religious prejudice, which a foreign government cannot attempt and will even obstruct. The British in India, though individually recognizing untouchability as a social evil, never did anything to remove the evil which they deplored. They were powerless to do so and even hindered the efforts of Gandhi in this direction because big social changes threaten political stability. Even more apposite is the story of Indian agitation against child marriage and the hostility of the British rulers to all demands for legislation against it. This is an inevitable concomitant of foreign rule and implies a criticism of a system rather than of its administrators, who are placed in an impossible position where reforms of this kind are concerned. Provided that

closer union between Egypt and the Sudan does not mean Egyptian domination the same difficulties would not apply, in future, to the Sudan. And the fact that Egypt is also a Moslem country should make it much easier for the Sudan to accept Egyptian ideas without the probability of a reaction based on the dangerous slogan: "Our religion is in danger."

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I propose to speak only briefly of the British colonial territories through which I passed later and to consider them in conjunction with South Africa.

My reason for this is that in all cases the same basic facts are observable and that only in rare instances does the problem of women's status arise sharply—the whole issue being obscured by the much greater one of race relations.

From the time that I entered Uganda until I sailed from Cape Town, some four months later, I was passing through territories where the great majority (Africans——all Bantu, except for a few Nilotic or semi-Nilotic tribes in East Africa) were ruled by Europeans. The European residents might be a very small number, as in Uganda, where there is little European settlement, or one-fifth of the population—including a big white labor force—which is the position in South Africa. The fundamental relationship of rulers and ruled was the same, though personal and social attitudes (also political constitutions) varied considerably. Islam had not deeply penetrated any of those areas. The sub-stratum of African society was pagan, but most (if not all) educated Africans had come under Christian influences, partly because the education of Africans has been primarily the concern of Christian missions. But even the European teachers in colonial state schools are in many cases people with a missionary spirit. A high official in Northern Rhodesia told me that the African schools got better staffs, man for man, than the European schools—they attracted the "vocational type," he said. It was not the quality so much as the inadequate number of these schools which disturbed me.

Education with a Christian bias would probably have differed very little from any other education, a hundred years ago, in its lack of interest in female education. But for some time past "Christian" has connoted a new emphasis. The Christian world woke up to the woman

question about the same time that it woke up to slavery.[1] The result, in Africa, has been that, where educational policy has been influenced by modern Christian thought, it has given much greater attention to the needs of women than one can find in most Moslem countries. This does not mean that there are equal facilities for men and women in colonial Africa, because African society has only slowly responded to the idea. With a supply that never meets more than a fraction of the demand for male education it would probably have been foolish for missionaries at any time to have unduly stimulated a new demand, involving further neglect of that which existed. The colonial governments (for which I hold no brief) seem to have been equally blameless on this point. But, without artificially stimulating a demand for the education of girls in colonial Africa, schools for this purpose have slowly been increasing in number and raising their academic standards. The disparity in facilities for boys and girls is consequently less marked here than it is in the Sudan. In the Union of South Africa, where the literacy rate among Africans (though low) is higher than it is in the British possessions of East and Central Africa, the disparity between opportunities for boys and girls was, I found, even less than in these colonial territories. It was time, not superior political wisdom, which had given South Africa its advantage in both respects.

It is in this context that I want to record my final observations. In the tribal society of the Bantu (as in the Nile Valley) politics is a male business. Politics at one time meant anything from the decisions of the Elders to the fighting of a war. It was clearly understood that all such things were for men only. Hence, primarily, the relegation of agricultural work to women; for the man was a hunter and fighter, exempt from work on account of his onerous protective duties. Today the African is not allowed to be a warrior and the great majority, in the countries through which I travelled, have rapidly decreasing opportunities to hunt. But the tradition of women doing all the land work remains, an anomaly in a changing society. (So, in many parts of the Bantu territories, does female circumcision.) Only where the

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[1]The recent publication of Lucretia Mott's Diary of her visit to Great Britain, to attend the World's Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, affords a fascinating commentary on this subject. See *Slavery and "The Woman Question,"* Supplement No. 23 to the Journal of the Friends Historical Society. Friends Historical Association, Haverford, Pennsylvania, 1952.

African has been caught in the cogs of industrialism has the rest of the pattern followed the huntsman-warrior concept into oblivion, creating new problems and new needs.

Meanwhile a new conception of political activity has been replacing the old. Great changes have been forced upon African society by the dominant Europeans and it is natural that the African reaction has been to adopt what are essentially "European"[2] techniques in self-defense. In place of the Elders and the tribal warriors there emerge inevitably (and to the deep disgust—for the most part—of those very Europeans who have made this development inevitable) the political agitator, the trade union, the secret society. Even Mau Mau, as some objective observers have pointed out (notably Canon Bewes, who speaks from a long experience) is not the simple "return to savagery" which we have often conveniently called it. On the contrary, it is something quite new in the history of the Kikuyu. The story of all social struggles shows that desperate people resort to desperate remedies and that even the justice of a cause is not proof against the most bloody and brutal methods being employed to further it. One could learn more about Mau Mau by studying the history of the fourteenth century *Jacquerie* (or even the *Maquis*) in France than by seeking to find its origins in any tribal customs of the Kikuyu, which provide little more than local color.

How does the African woman fit into this changing world, where new methods of struggle are being evolved? It would be rash to attempt any general answer. In East Africa I saw no sign that African women were prepared to assert themselves, except by way of automatic loyalty to a husband or to the tribe. And that, I suspect, is all that the men expect of them—in fact, they would be alarmed by any other attitude. I knew Jomo Kenyatta quite well in England and I may add that, from my personal knowledge of him and from my following of his trial, I am completely unconvinced of his complicity with Mau Mau. But I never could agree with Kenyatta's attitude to women, not merely because I thought it wrong in itself, but because I believe that the emancipation of women is an integral and necessary step in the liberation of Africa, just as Gandhi found it to be in India. Kenyatta's attitude, on the other hand, seemed to me not unlike that

[2]I use the word as it is used throughout Africa, to denote white people. Whether he likes it or not, an American in Africa is a "European."

of some English radicals in the Victorian age—the age when Lucretia Mott was excluded from the World's Anti-Slavery Convention because abolition was the business of men.

Overtly or tacitly I think that view is widely accepted among the African leaders of today, though things may be very different on the West Coast. But I did find signs of change; and—as might be expected—I found these signs where there had been most education for the longest period, particularly the education of women. It was in South Africa that I found women leaders among the Africans. One was an heroic leader of the march to the *veld* from Johannesburg, when Africans from the overcrowded areas went and squatted there after the war, building their wretched shanties to protect themselves against the rain and the cruel winter winds. Again, in Durban, a spontaneous women's movement had defeated an attempt to have all African women medically examined as potential prostitutes. And in the non-European University College at Fort Hare I found African women who could have held their own with any man, African or European, in a political discussion. I left Cape Town for England with more hope for the Bantu in South Africa than I had for their brothers and sisters further north. In spite of official policy and all the disabilities from which Africans in the Union suffer, I had seen signs of hope. And not the least of those signs was the indication that African women were slowly coming forward to play their own hand in the complicated game of South African politics.

Europeans, who have forced so much on Africans in the name of "civilization," are apt to be annoyed when the African takes the initiative and picks on some aspect of our civilization which we never intended to include in the prescription. Above all it is disconcerting (for obvious reasons) when the African takes a fancy to the European concept of democracy. I am not sure, but I think it possible that the modern Anglo-Saxon concept of sex equality may prove to be as big a boomerang, in the long run. And, in view of all that has been done by professing Christians to dishonor their own religion in Africa, it gives some satisfaction to reflect that both those revolutionary concepts had their origin in Christian ethics.

Letter from Karachi

By SIDNEY LENS

BEFORE PARTITION in 1947 Karachi was a big fishing village of some 300,000 people. Down at the docks the fishermen still sling their fish hand to hand onto primitive, donkey-drawn carts. But the city itself has outgrown its britches. Reason number one is that the central government made this its headquarters. The choice was more or less inevitable. East Pakistan (Bengal) has approximately 55 per cent of the population, but it is backward, or at least so they say. Since the Punjabis were the great fighters for partition, it seemed natural that the center would be close by. Lahore, Punjab's most important city, an ancient seat of the Mogul empire, was unfortunately too close to the Indian border. By default therefore Karachi became the capitol, and the administrative bureaucrats began swarming in from far and wide.

Reason number two and more significant was an influx of refugees that staggers the imagination. In sheer terror for their lives eight million Moslems came over to Punjab and Sind, and five million Hindus left Pakistan for India. The first refugees to Karachi filled the old Hindu apartments, many of them quite lavish. Then, when all the Hindu homes were gone, they began to settle in the streets. Each family crowded the sidewalk, built a jhonpri (hut) out of mats, possibly started a barbershop or some other "business," and kept his family, his chickens, sometimes even a cow or two cloistered around this new home. That was six years ago. Since then the government has built and is building tiny brick huts in some 16 camps. All told, however, it is only a drop in the bucket; it hardly accommodates more than 50,000 or 100,000—out of eight million.

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Added to the wretchedness of the refugees is a legacy of other wretchedness, little improved through these last years. In the Liary and Keamari sections of Karachi are tens of thousands of families, stretching into three or four miles of jhonpri. Sewerage stays stagnant in the center of the streets for ages, a breeding spot for malaria and innumerable other diseases. Toilet facilities are rare and far between; the open air has to do, and the open air is painful with stench. The huts are also matted, unfurnished except for charpoys—wooden beds with ropes across. Here is a filth and poverty that beggars description. Yet these are not refugees. These are workers' homes, the homes of men and women who can find none elsewhere because "key money" is prohibitive. Nor could they afford the rent even if they found an apartment. A skilled worker earns $1.55 a day (five rupees) if you figure the rupee at its official rate of 31¢, but only $1 a day if you figure the rupee at its true free market value, 20¢. An unskilled worker earns only 40¢ a day. But he's lucky if he has work for more than ten days a month.

The snootiest hotel in Karachi is the 200-room Metropole. It constitutes a great four-story square with a large fully-enclosed garden in the center. Here every night a seven-piece orchestra blares forth while waiters with green and white pugarees (turbans), achkan (long white suit coats) and a blazing green cummerbund (sash), serve what is called lavish meals. Back in the native quarters they also have what they have snickeringly labelled "Hotel Metropole." It consists of three fair-sized benches, sheltered under a mat, where the home populace sips tea and eats watermelon that is so fly-infested that science would be sorely put trying to decide which commodity was decisive. It doesn't seem to matter; the affinity of flies and people arises from the fact that this is one of the few spots on earth where the insect species has conquered *homo sapiens*. Nonetheless, steeped in squalor as these people are, their friendship and warm hospitality is irrepressible. The day we were there we had to beg off from drinking tea or eating watermelon despite the eager offerings of our "Metropole" host; fear of "Karachi tummy" is incessant with the traveller. But we were treated to a full-sized watermelon and a bag of cookies, which like true westerners we immediately gave to the "bearers" at the true Metropole Hotel. Bearers incidentally is an all-inclusive term which means either waiter or male chambermaid, probably a derivative of the days before modern trans-

portation when the natives carried their Brahmin or English masters aloft to their business on palanquins.

One of the striking features of working-class quarters in Karachi is that women don't wear boorkas to hide their faces. The middle classes indulge in this ancient Moslem habit to some extent—those combination capes and veils which have crocheted circles around the eyes. But the working class evidently has no time for such tomfoolery; life is too close and too difficult. You need read no statistics about these difficulties because as you traipse about, nimbly jumping over one long crisscrossing cesspool or another, you see the invariable symbols of disease: the pock-marked youngsters who by some miracle have survived smallpox, the discolored eyes which signify trachoma, the big bellies on tots which tell tales of undernourishment. Such things will make any mother forget her boorka.

In the midst of one neighborhood I visited was a slaughterhouse—of all things. Ten or fifteen workers were killing animals adjacent to these dilapidated homes, sweeping blood and guts into the streets, to fester in the stagnant pools. It didn't seem to make too much difference in the general stench because almost nothing could add or detract from that smell. But it did color the sewerage red.

Life is not all grim in these Karachi slums. Every now and then there is a ceremony of one kind or another. A youngster of thirteen was being prepared for circumcision one particular afternoon. Two dour old men were pounding drums, a slightly younger chap was fifing away in mournful tones, as if entering manhood was a real tragedy, which probably it is. The object of all this lament was garlanded with flowers covering his face and he merely stood about, occasionally going through the motion of a dance. If Hollywood ever gets hold of this routine it will glamorize it beyond recognition, with silk pants and a 60-piece oriental band, but the grim reality, depressing though it is to eyes not accustomed to such poverty, is nevertheless a break with humdrum routine for the native populace.

There are other breaks with the humdrum. Men stand about talking of this and that, often politics, chewing a most amazing concoction and spitting red spittle that looks like blood. The concoction—cost about 6 *pies*, or a penny, a day—is part squashed betel nut, part pan leaf for the flavor, part something called choona and part kathha, the item which gives it its color. Many a foreigner has wondered as

he walked through these streets just how many people were killed in "yesterday's riot"—the "blood" seems to be spattered all along the walls, the sidewalks, the roads, in fact everywhere where man's aim has hit its mark. Unfortunately for our terror-enthusiasts the "bloody" habit is actually a woman's play, but the men have adopted it. It taints their teeth red but evidently keeps spirits high. Presumably it calms the nerves, does for the Pakistani lower classes what beads do for Arab noblemen in other countries.

Every few hundred feet there is a community baking project. A small cone-shaped stone stove is used to bake chappattis. Three or four women pat it out, and the head baker lady then places it on a jute sack so that she can plaster it flush against the inside stone, vertically. After a few minutes she takes it out and just throws it into the charcoal. A few seconds later the chappatti is ready. This plus some dates constitutes the main daily diet. Here too the East seems to deviate considerably from the West. The weekly meal ration seems to be fourteen instead of twenty-one (at the Hotel Metropole, the real one, it comes to thirty-five if you include morning and afternoon tea). In fact, due to current food difficulties the governor general, Ghulam Muhammad, has said that it may be necessary to sacrifice a bit more and cut this gourmet's quota down to eleven.

Bad as the condition of the people is, the real miracle of Liary is how the cows and oxen live. A blade of grass in this dry land, which averages only one or two inches of rain a year, is like manna from heaven. Yet hundreds of animals roam the main streets of town or stand crowded on the parched earth without an iota of vegetation for miles around. The ex-peasants who cluster hereabouts depend on the milk or work of these poor beasts for handy cash, so that they must forage about into the countryside to bring the hunks of cotton seed, dry grass and tree leaves to their precious animals in Karachi. Somehow or other it never occurs to anyone that cows should be taken to the country; everyone wants to remain in the city, preferring to work haphazardly for a few rupees a day as a moderately free man rather than submit to often unbearable tyranny of the landlord class in the hinterlands.

Incidentally manure forms an important economic item in the jhonpri colonies. It is gently padded into flat cakes about eight or nine inches in diameter and left in the sun to dry. Afterwards it is marketed

as an item of fuel. One day as I glanced out of my Metropole window I saw a little five-year-old girl walking along the side of a cart that had these manure cakes laid out in precise rows. As the man turned his head for a fatal second she stole one patty and was off home, haughty and prideful in her accomplishment.

All of Karachi, of course, is not slum area. There is Clifton, where many Americans live in the luxury befitting our ambassadorial staff. There are other places. In Nazimabad, a suburb, the state is allocating strips of land 200, 400, 800 square yards for those refugees who can afford to build. Here they have paved a network of roads, installed expensive sewerage and water systems, levelled the earth, run electric wiring through the streets and installed other amenities of life. Rising out of this development is a whole store of beautiful mansions very much like those on the outskirts of Mexico City, colored in pastels. The man from the refugee bureau who took us there also had a decent plot of land here also purchased from the government at 70 cents a square yard complete, but sad to say, though he had enough pull to get his land, he had been unable to secure priorities for building materials. He was just "sweating it out."

Imposing as is this housing problem the whole character of the state of Pakistan (a name incidentally which was thought up by a student a long time ago to include first or last initials of the states which were to make up the Islamic portion of the sub-continent)—the whole character of the state gives you the feeling of suspended animation. West Pakistan is separated from East Pakistan by some 1,200 miles. Between them is the "enemy," India—or, as they call it out here, Bharat. No railroads connect the two parts because of the churning feud between the two nations. If you go to East Pakistan, Lahore is as far as you go by rail; then you must hire an automobile sixteen miles to the border and then sixteen miles into Indian territory before you can get another train. Shipments from one section of the country to the other, where they do not go by air, must ease around the whole sub-continent for 2400 miles and ten days. Hardly a contiguous, manageable unit.

Even the languages of the two portions are different; most of the westerners speak Urdu, most of the easterners Bengali. Few people do any writing; literacy is about 10 to 15 per cent, literacy being defined as the art of being able to write your name. What holds such a nation

together is, of course, Islam. Once upon a time the Islamic Moguls came from the North and conquered the Hindus. Unlike other Islamic invasions, however, they weren't able to attract all the people from their pagan religion. Only a quarter were converted, the rest stayed blissfully pagan. When the British came they naturally leaned on the oppressed Hindu majority against the Mogul rulers. In due course the Hindus became the most educated segment, and the wealthier. They owned large chunks of land, most of the new factories, and soon, when government jobs were allocated beginning with the mid-'30's, most of those too. But again in due course the British, ever true to the Machiavellian principle of *divida et imperia*, reversed their field and supported Mr. Jinnah and his Muslim League against Mr. Gandhi and his mostly-Hindu Congress. There is little doubt that by this time the Muslims were secondary citizens. Part of it was due to the fact that they were as a group less educated, part due to the fact that religion had a different type of hold on them, and part due to rank discrimination. With the old Islamic traditions as the cement Jinnah applied the mortar of partition and established his peculiar almost-but-not-quite theocratic Moslem state.

Today the cement that held together an oppressed opposition group is becoming dry sand that is badly in need of political caulking. Possessing state power has had a disintegrating effect. The Muslim League—Jinnah's vehicle—still wins all the elections in the provinces by vast majorities but it is creaking at the seams, rent with dissension. I had a chat with Mr. Yusuf Haroon, probably the outstanding businessman of the country and the powerful vice-president of the League. This was after Nazimuddin had been replaced as Prime Minister by Mohammed Ali. What Haroon had to say about his organization was so maverick that by comparison it makes Wayne Morse look like an orthodox McCarthy Republican.

Mr. Haroon is a thoroughly westernized chap, formerly chief minister of Sind province, ambassador to Australia and a very substantial importer, exporter, owner of the morning paper, *Dawn*, the evening paper, *Star*, and other investments. Youngish, with a slight moustache, slow-talking, he sits at a vast crescent desk that would do justice to a General Motors executive. Here his Australian secretaries and some English subordinates—a rather peculiar phenomenon in this sub-continent where the English always ruled the non-English, rather

than vice-versa—keep bouncing in every few minutes with some report or letter to sign. While I was there Haroon had the editor of his evening paper at hand, Mr. M. A. Zuberi. The concensus of their joint opinion was that the Muslim League today is like a chessboard where members of the ruling class keep jumping each other. "We haven't," said Mr. Haroon, "been able to deliver the goods to the downtrodden classes. They are still suffering as badly as they did before partition. In many districts water is not available and the whole machinery of state is shot full of red tape." The Muslim League they conceded—perhaps conceded isn't the word because it was a rather polemical concession—is the property of the moneyed class, the big landlords and a few businessmen like Haroon himself. Mass migration back and forth, they said, ruined the middle class. This middle class had always been the liberal political leadership in the country; now it was too busy scrounging for a living to have any time to devote to politics. When I asked about the fights within the League they dismissed it as simple personality struggles for power. The same sentiments are expressed everywhere. Even the so-called opposition party, Jinnah Awami League, is nothing but a haven for the malcontents who had been tossed out of the parent body.

Peculiarly enough, as Haroon points out, the state which was established because of Islam hasn't been able to formulate a constitution for five years now precisely for that reason. The rabid Musselman wants a theocratic state with laws based on the Koran. The Jamaat-i-Islami, mouthpiece of this sentiment, has been in trouble with the authorities because of its espousal of the riots in Lahore during March and April, 1953. But its Mullahs—religious leaders—have an enormous hold on the simple peasant and worker. Even on many of the cultured leaders. One of the top men in government has a large picture of a certain Mullah in his closet to which he prays once of the five times required for prayer each day. A state formed on a religious principle obviously must lean on the Moslem "clergy" to keep it together, particularly if it has done all too little to alleviate hunger.

The dispute between the orthodox Islamists and the Ahmadiya sect is an interesting sidelight to this saga of an almost-theocratic state. Back in the days when the British first took over, the Muslim segment of the population stated openly that its religious principles forbade it to live under a non-Moslem rule. The only alternative was to fight

British or Hindu leadership. Finally a Britisher named Hunter conceived of the idea that the Moslems should be taught the fallacy of this notion. As if by magic sometime later a man named Ahmad in the town of Qadian proclaimed himself a new prophet, following in the line of Abraham, Moses, Christ and Mohammed. This interpretation of divine law now permitted the Musselman to live under foreign yoke. To the intensely religious men of Islam not only was the political side of this thesis treachery but the very idea that there could be a new prophet after Mohammed was sheer heresy. Nonetheless the new prophet formed his sect, which today numbers less than 100,000, and its sons were the favored few under British rule and still play a disproportionate role in government. The foreign minister Zafrullah Kahn is an Ahmadiya.

When the riots broke out in Lahore it was commonly interpreted as a simple religious demonstration. But many streams seem to have been running into the same current. A right-wing leader named Daultana, former Chief Minister of Punjab, presumably had some deep aspirations for power and is reported to have been the real mover behind the events. The masses, it is said, rose to the fray because they too had grievances against the government, which because of Zafrullah Kahn they easily associated with the Ahmadiya. Punjab, which usually has a wheat surplus has been short these last few years. Pakistani officials claim that it is due to a shortage of water because the Indian government has cut off their flow from the rivers that originate in Kashmir. Less official Pakistani say that it is due to wholesale smuggling in which former government officials are implicated. One old gentleman, seemingly in the know, describes the smuggling of wheat to India in picturesque terms. At the appointed hour hundreds of camel-drawn carts gather at a certain point near the border. Simultaneously a government bigwig calls the customs officials to his home for a luncheon. And in one hour the camels and carts have been across, unloaded and come back. The customs officials go back to their posts, much money changes hands and everyone is happy—except the poor hungry consumer. Selling wheat to India has been a very profitable business. Pakistan prices, because of the shortages, are controlled and until recently the government insisted on levying part of the crop at these low prices. Result was that the grain was systematically hidden from the unwatchful eyes of the state and then smuggled into the

more lucrative and equally needy Bharat markets. No one knows exactly the extent of this nefarious activity but estimates run to 40 per cent of the total crop, including even part of the wheat brought in from America, Canada and Australia as gifts or loans. There are some high muck-a-mucks who have grown suspiciously rich in recent years.

Corruption and special privilege seem to ride with poverty. One official is said to have prospered by such devices as buying up local cloth when the price was thoroughly depressed and waiting for the minister of commerce to impose import restrictions on foreign textiles. With the foreign supply cut off the local product zoomed sky high, the official got rich based on his inside information, the impoverished Pakistani got poorer and more hostile. An American correspondent who spent three days interviewing the man on the street says that he didn't find a single person who was not antigovernment during the pre- and post-Lahore days. This conjunction of poverty, religious prejudices and political ambitions erupted in 1953 into riots. Sometime later the government sentenced the Jamaat-i-Islami leader, Maulana Abul Ala Maududi, and one other to death. As a sign of the strength of this group two days later it called a *hartal*—the closing of shops in protest—and closed down 80 per cent of the stores in Karachi. The sentences were reduced to fourteen years.

Karachi is a great disappointment to a westerner. There are, of course, many plans afoot: a six year plan, which is integrated into the Commonwealth Colombo plan, a two year emergency plan, and so on. But the country depends on two products for its foreign valuta and both are currently in the doldrums, jute and cotton. A few years ago, particularly after Korea, these were bonanza crops, everybody wanted them. Landlords and peasants converted wheat fields to cotton. Then the bottom fell out. Pakistan in 1952 had a foreign exchange deficit of some 871 million rupees. This, added to the corruption, squeezed the little man no end.

At the moment there are all kinds of promises by the government of a better day, but a world-famous food expert who made a survey here is reputed to have been far more pessimistic. The zamindar landlord system and the administrative system, he felt, make change next to impossible. The landlord class will hoard its crops if there is too much on the market, it will cut down acreage no matter what the

need, and it will resist improvement as a matter of principle because it fears that education will wise up the peasant to follow the Chinese example and seize the land.

Nothing except the sunshine looks rosy in Karachi five years after partition. The hold on East Pakistan is tenuous, secession talk is not serious but it exists and one day it may take hold. The way Muslim Leaguers in Dacca brush it off when it is brought up indicates that it is considered more serious than is let on. The below-subsistence plight of the poor man seems destined to remain below subsistence for some time to come. Partition has given him "independence" but it is hard to see which of the four freedoms he has gained unless it be the fifth one, the freedom to die without fuss or fanfare.

Along Bunder Road, the main street of Karachi (McLeod Road, the other major thoroughfare is the business center), few of these problems are transparent. In the open air a barber shaves his client for an anna (two cents). A tooth-puller has arranged a beautiful display of all the teeth he has yanked. Across the street from the carbarn on this particular day a group of unaffiliated tramway strikers are haunched or sitting cross-legged in a semi-circle, listening to a report of their leader. Cloth banners in front indicate the organizations that support their effort. The trams drive past but no one moves to stop them or turn them over as they might in an American city under similar circumstances. Along the way toward the docks (Bunder means port) are hosts of haunched fortune tellers and astrologers seriously telling their patrons, also haunched, of the beautiful tomorrow. As they read their book and make their predictions the quietness of the surroundings, the broad boulevard, the shaded trees, the slow-moving people makes a fascinating picture of the fascinating orient. But wind your way forward along Bunder Road through the open air bazaars, the brocade sellers, the cottage products, and finally towards Liary and Keamari, the stagnant pools, the jhonpri, the excrement, and the pock-marked kids.

Where else but in fortune telling can the Karachi citizen find the good life?

Simon Patten: Relativist or Utopian

By DAVID W. NOBLE

"Once your own movement as well as the other fellow's is stripped of the true and the good, once thinking has entered a phase of sweeping relativism, the troubles come."

This sentence, taken from Eric Goldman's recently published history of American liberalism, *Rendezvous with Destiny*, focuses attention on a serious problem confronting the present generation of liberals: uncertainty in the realm of basic principles. While it has become a commonplace to say that we live in an age of intellectual confusion, the essential truth of that statement unceasingly commands a hearing. And it is a truth which liberals can deny only at their peril because theirs is a tradition which justifies itself through its ability to offer to society a leadership in ideas.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the last few years have seen the publication of books written in the hope of clarifying the nature of the theoretical dislocation in which liberalism finds itself today. One group includes Morton G. White's *Social Thought in America*, Daniel Aaron's *Men of Good Hope*, and Goldman's *Rendezvous with Destiny*. These have emphasized a thesis which traces liberal bewilderment to a serious weakness that developed during the era of the American progressive movement in the year 1900 to 1914—a weakness stemming from the influx of relativism[1] into reform thought during

[1]The authors of these books have not chosen to define relativism closely. Generally, however, they relate it to theoretical changes taking place in such fields as philosophy, history, anthropology, sociology, and law. These changes, in turn, are largely associated with an historical or pragmatic approach to knowledge and institutions as opposed to a rationalistic one. To make clear the sweeping nature of the attack made by these books, relativism has been used in this essay in this vague and inconclusive manner.

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those years. Goldman presents this position in these terms: American liberals were faced at the turn of the century with a severe intellectual problem. Wishing to formulate a philosophy justifying action and reform, they were challenged by a conservative defense of the *status quo*, "a steel chain of ideas," that denied the freedom of man to control his destiny, that imprisoned free will in a series of absolute principles and laws ranging from the eternal verities of the Constitution to the universal postulates of political economy. But not quite intellectually secure in an age of rapid change, the conservatives sought to buttress their position still further by adding the sanction of science as expressed in Herbert Spencer's deterministic definition of evolution.

In taking up evolution, however, the conservatives made themselves vulnerable to a philosophical attack because, as Goldman points out, liberals could now challenge "Conservative Darwinism" with the following questions: "Why not insist on a thoroughgoing evolution and argue that contemporary institutions could and should change rapidly. . . . Why not consider Conservative Darwinism itself nothing more than an ideology that had developed in an environment of political bosses and trust magnates in order to justify that environment? Why not, in short, work out a Reform Darwinism that would dissolve away conservativism's steel chain of ideas while leaving Darwinism itself intact?"

And so, according to Goldman and also White and Aaron, the essence of the "Reform Darwinism" which characterized the thought of the progressive movement was a relativism that destroyed the conservative absolutes. Within progressivism itself, however, this relativism also proved corrosive of liberal principles. In the years after World War I, liberals discovered that they had accepted a philosophy which could destroy their own principles as well as those of their opponents; they discovered that victory over the conservatives had brought them ironically to the numbing situation of self doubt.

It is beyond question that the progressives who had started with such confidence and optimism in 1900 were badly shaken and confused by 1920 and it is true that American liberalism after World War I never regained the certainty or unanimity that had marked its intellectual history before that catastrophe. But, on the other hand, is the answer to this confusion so simply the one suggested by these

three books? While it is not the purpose of this paper to deny the thesis pursued by Goldman, White, and Aaron, it is intended to suggest the necessity of major qualifications when dealing with the history of ideas, such as relativism, and also to draw attention to another type of serious weakness in pre-World War I liberalism. It is one of the major tasks of the historian to be concerned with over-all trends and developments; it is possible, however, to overemphasize unity and cohesion to the point of hindering rather than aiding historical understanding. For instance, in studying the history of American thought, many students have been concerned with establishing the important direction of change from the rationalism of the eighteenth century to the relativism of the twentieth. They have written along lines perhaps best symbolized in Carl Becker's *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers* in which he describes a complete cleavage between the climate of opinion of our century and that of the Enlightenment.

Granted, however, momentous changes in intellectual history between 1800 and 1900, is it entirely safe to emphasize novel statements as representative of a period of transition? This is especially true when we have learned to differentiate between levels of ideas, when we have learned that words may have many meanings. It is possible to ask a question here: Was relativism really such a vital element in progressive thought, an element strong enough to have seriously disrupted it? Or could a search for the roots of liberal confusion include a realization of the complex and contradictory group of ideas that must have prevailed to a great degree in the progressive period?

For here was a generation of men bombarded by new ideas stemming from developing concepts of evolution and historicism, organicism and pragmatism; here was a generation of men born in a rural, stable, and almost static society suddenly caught up in a profound alteration of the entire institutional structure of the nation. This was an intellectual and social situation that could plausibly explain why, during these years, men broke away from a philosophy of absolutes toward one of relativism. But there is one striking fact about American progressivism that is difficult to correlate with such an hypothesis. The social philosophers of the progressive movement were not consciously confused by their unstable intellectual and social environ-

ment; neither did their writings reflect the uncertainty or tentativeness that could be associated with relativism. Indeed, it is this confidence, assuredness, even complacency, marking the climate of opinion of progressive thought, which demands an explanation but also suggests one answer to the years of liberal confusion which followed World War I.

An explanation for this peculiar state of mind and an answer to the problem of liberal bewilderment are both to be found in a particular pattern of ideas worked out by many of the social philosophers of progressivism: a pattern that combined a superficial relativism with a fundamental absolutism; a pattern that led straight to one serious weakness which has undermined the strength of American liberalism —utopianism. In the following pages, the position of one of these relativistic utopians, Simon Nelson Patten, will be analyzed as an example of this group's philosophy.

One of the important thinkers of pre-World War I liberalism, Patten was an academic economist at the University of Pennsylvania where he was influential in forming the ideas of young liberals who played active roles during the 1920's and 1930's. One of a generation of scholars who studied in Germany during the late nineteenth century, he had broken with classical economics and had delved into historicism and economic determinism. Eager to learn and to grow intellectually, he recognized the impact of the idea of evolution on biology and sociology. His last major book was entitled *The Social Basis of Religion*; it was Patten's attempt to translate traditional religion into modern pragmatic terms for the purpose of overthrowing the conservative denial of free will. In this particular document, it is possible to outline and emphasize the elements that constitute the basis of the confused social philosophy of the period.

Born half way through the nineteenth century on a midwestern farm, Patten was a sensitive child, isolated from his surrounding environment. Because of an unusual mind and a series of fortunate circumstances, he escaped to study in Germany and quickly earned a Ph.D. Returning to America, he was unable to find an academic position and was forced back to the family homestead. Here, after a struggle to maintain his emotional balance, he devoted his attention to a book attacking the economics then taught in American universities. On the strength of his manuscript a friend obtained the position

at Pennsylvania for him. Such an outline biography suggests the nonconformist nature of the man, his restless attempt to break loose from the mores and attitudes not only of Illinois but of the established academic traditions as well. And Patten did direct his energies to the reformation of economic theory in America, focusing his writing and his organizational ability first on the destruction of *laissez faire* doctrines and then on the establishment of ideas of social planning and cooperation. As he fought this battle of economic theory, he realized its ramifications throughout the whole world of thought and the necessity, therefore, of undermining the metaphysics of conservatism, the necessity of proving man's ability to create his own future.

Borrowing from the latest developments in biological, sociological, and economic theory, he began to write books that were syntheses of his current understanding of these various fields. Finally, after works that stressed economics and biology, he published, in 1911, *The Social Basis of Religion* as a summation of all his previous writings. Moving through economics and biology, he had come to believe that religion offered the key to progress and reform because it was here that free will was to be found and justified. Coming as the climax of more than two decades of intellectual searching, marked at times by pessimism, the book was thoroughly optimistic; it was a book that in a way announced the millenium for America and, indeed, for the entire world.

What was the basis of this absolute assurance that he, Simon Patten, had provided a final rebuttal to the conservative position and had provided a foolproof blueprint for a liberal reconstruction of society? That Patten's optimism was absolute points the direction to the answer of this question. Patten was to break the conservative system of absolutes only to replace it with one of his own. Consciously, he was an historicist and pragmatist; unconsciously, he was completely committed to a theory of social science rooted in eighteenth century rationalism and centered about a belief in the inevitability of progress.

A generation ago, long enough to be now forgotten, F. J. Teggart discussed American social studies in terms of their basic postulates. His conclusion was that, to a large degree, these studies were still, in the 1920's, based on a theory inherited from the eighteenth century, a belief in progress rather than a belief in the possibility of progress. It was a theory, he stated, which encouraged intellectual irrespon-

sibility; and this thesis of Teggart's is one that should receive careful consideration from those interested in understanding the confusion of modern liberalism; for just such irresponsibility, based on a belief in progress, corrodes the whole foundation of Patten's life work and leads to a theoretical *cul de sac* which effectively robs his work of any fruitful connection with the future.

The roots of this particular belief in progress, which provided so much of the basis of eighteenth century social science, Teggart traced back to the ancient Greeks who, interested in the problem of origins, began placing events within a geneological chain. This form was then utilized by Aristotle for teleological purposes. "In Aristotle's view," Teggart wrote,

> teleology is the true mode of approach to the study of nature. The explanation of a thing is reached only when we view it in the light of a purpose. All movement is directed toward some end, and becomes intelligible only when this end has been discovered and defined. . . . The end or purpose of each particular thing to be the realization or actualization of its highest possibilities. . . .

and Teggart added,

> . . . it is necessary to point to his idea that only that is natural which takes place of itself, or contains the principle of change in itself. In opposition to that which is natural . . . he recognized that which comes by chance. . . . From this it follows that the aim of scientific inquiry is to determine what is natural or normal, in contradistinction to what has happened by accident or by chance.

I have quoted at length from Teggart's description of the Aristotelian position that came to influence eighteenth century social science because not only the principles stated but the vocabulary itself characterize Patten's theory of progress. The progressive economist blended his pragmatism and historicism with a teleology based on a discovery of a fundamental purpose through the isolation of the natural and normal from the accidental and abnormal.

The preface of *The Social Basis of Religion* vividly sets the stage for the presentation of this irreconcilable confusion in ideas. Linking pragmatism with the future and characterizing himself as one of its champions, Patten relegated even William James to the outmoded past. They were both, he admitted, the intellectual heirs of John Stuart Mill but James took his inspiration from Mill's earlier writing;

his pragmatism, therefore, was of a primitive type, a radical empiricism whose test was personal satisfaction. But the later Mill was Patten's guide and, under this inspiration, he began to define a pragmatism that appeared, at first glance, close to that toward which Dewey was working. His own pragmatism, Patten affirmed, was social and its tests "are objective and are measured by the social results of action." It was a pragmatism that had four criteria, seemingly very modern, and very far from Aristotle and the *Philosophes.*

> First, the tests of truth are objective and social. . . . The only valid personal test is whether or not individual action conforms to social standards. . . .
>
> Second, there are no universal laws. . . . The test of truth is action. . . .
>
> Third, skepticism affords no test of truth. . . .
>
> Fourth, the psychic test of truth as a relation between an idea and its object is defective. . . . Truth is a relation between thought and act, and not between feeling and its external course. . . .

Here, in these criteria, is the highwater mark of Patten's commitment to a mode of thought which was not absolute. They were significantly not part of the regular flow of his mind; rather they were principles which were not to furnish the positive support for the main constructive argument of the book but were to be used solely for negation and destruction. Firmly rooted in the preface, in dramatic contradiction to these pragmatic points, was the central positive theme of this work.

Continuing the analysis of his intellectual debt to Mill, Patten innocently began to use a different vocabulary and to think in different terms. Mill, he wrote, had passed beyond the stage of empiricism which had so influenced James because of the influence of Auguste Comte who advocated the use of universal historical proofs to establish social laws. True enough, continued the American economist, Comte and Mill were wrong but only in detail. Their general philosophy of universal historical stages was correct! This self-styled pragmatist who had advanced as the central criterion of his philosophy the proposition that there were no universal laws now openly insisted that human thought had three necessary stages of development but that Comte's description of them was defective. The first stage was the theological as Comte had stated; the second stage, however, included both Comte's metaphysical and positive stage; and the final stage was the pragmatic.

With almost breathtaking agility, with a sleight of hand that was both marvelous and tragic, because it fooled no one so much as it did Patten himself, he had maneuvered the central ideas of his time—evolution, pragmatism, historicism—into a pattern directly parallel to that used by the *Philosophes* to destroy their conservative opponents.

The things conservatives defend, these eighteenth century liberals had written, historical tradition and social custom, are ephemeral and unsubstantial, they are not relevant to the real nature of man and the world; through the use of reason, through the discovery of natural law they will, therefore, be destroyed. Then nineteenth century philosophy shattered the *Philosophes'* ideal of static perfection, the ideal of autonomous reason. Man was replaced in the flow of history or in the course of evolution; he must accept the present for what it was and nothing more.

This was the beauty of Patten's theory of evolution. The ideas of the nineteenth century, the ideas of a Hegel and a Spencer, men who denied free will, were wrong, absolutely wrong, because they were outdated, because they belonged to the second stage of evolution. And men were now to be free because they had no choice but to be free. They were part of the final stage of evolution, the pragmatic. Nor did Patten need to be concerned with the merits of pragmatism as a theory, whether or not it fitted the facts of evolution; there was no option connected with society's acceptance of pragmatism as its way of thinking.

If there is a paradox for us in the idea of forcing men to be free, there was none for this American social philosopher. Exactly as the *Philosophes* had done, he equated freedom with the ability of man to conform to absolute standards not found in current society. Pragmatism and historicism were weapons to use against enemies. They were tools to prepare for the future, they were not real philosophies to live with but were to be discarded upon the final approach to utopia.

Nothing shows this more clearly than Patten's discussion of psychology and religion, the heart of his final philosophy. Wielding the knife of modernism, he criticized the conservatives for holding to a pre-evolutionary conception of thought, for believing that thought was "a definite, pre-determined product of some mechanism, material or otherwise, molded by pre-determined conditions." Instead we must accept the genetic theory of thought that there is no mechanism for

producing ideas, that we must judge the mind "by its products instead of by its structure or antecedents," that we get ideas from the society of which we are a part.

This, in turn was his tool to clear the ground for his perfected society because he must show that the present character of man could be changed, that such weaknesses as selfishness were not innate as the conservatives claimed. Human psychology, he insisted, was not the product of natural law but of tradition. Unfortunately, the controlling concepts of Western civilization had been molded in the Near East when that region was undergoing unfavorable climatic changes with the tragic result that our culture had centered around the ideas of conflict and despair; and the plastic part of human nature had been shaped by this philosophy into its present imperfect pattern, a pattern conservatives called inherent.

Patten, however, made it clear that the plastic was but part of human nature because, with the conservative position outflanked, he was ready to drop the evolutionary approach; it had served its negative purpose. And his final purpose was to arrive at perfection, a goal that might be embarrassed by a thoroughgoing philosophy of evolution. Because man had reached the pragmatic stage, because he was therefore able to transcend his immediate environment, mankind was on the verge of perfection—a perfection made possible by the innate, universal side of human nature that was beyond the control of the environment, by man's instinct for social cooperation. This inner, irreducible part of man was his religious nature. Throughout history, it had fought against an adverse environment and the acquired psychological traits. As Patten wrote, "The conflict of religion is between social habit and social feeling. The spiritual is the inner self in contrast to the social self. It is suppressed heredity battling with the routine and habit of the external world."

Now, he drove home to his readers, in the final pragmatic phase of evolution, man was free to alter the *status quo* so that his inner self could at last flower out and reach perfection. Historicism and pragmatism helped to consign conservative doctrines to the shifting sands of history, helped to manipulate and change present institutions, but they would be left behind when Patten led society into the sheltering arms of a rational, static utopia.

If there is any doubt of Patten's fundamental debt to the Enlightenment, it is stilled by his elaboration of methods of social study. Warming to his task as guide to the promised land, he offered the foolproof technique to isolate and clarify the innate elements of human psychology on which the new world would be constructed. It was an economic method of approach, which, he emphasized, was not similar to that of the physical sciences. That method, he wrote, included observation, experiment and verification which depended for effectiveness upon the isolation of the object to be studied. Incapable of isolation, however, society must be compared with itself after it passes through distinct epochs which are economic in origin.

The results of such study would disclose the common or universal qualities of man and nature and strip away the acquired, the debilitating traits foisted on man by injurious social environments. In Patten's own words,

> We regard many characters as natural that are acquired, because they appear so regularly in current events, while the underlying natural traits, seen only in distorted forms, are misjudged and underestimated. In this way, sympathy is displaced by selfishness, religion sinks into superstition, democracy yields to imperialism, cooperation is displaced by class struggle. Competition gives way to monopoly, and liberty to absolute power. . . . Economic interpretation gives the only method that will unravel the tangled skein of social events and permit us to reach the ultimate through whose dominance alone the goal of civilization may be reached.

Patten's optimistic message to reformers then read something like this: All that is good is the result of general laws that are enduring and which furnish the plan of progress. All that is evil is the result of specific economic conditions which can be isolated and overcome. The economic interpretation will clarify these general laws and the abnormal conditions which keep them from working. Moreover, the reformers could rest assured that the economic interpretation would be utilized by a growing number of people in the future—utilized because, as Patten had written earlier, the thought of mankind goes through the three stages of the theological, the metaphysical, and the pragmatic. And the economic interpretation, he affirmed, was merely one way of thinking pragmatically. It was pragmatic because it was genetic, it was concerned with the growth and development of normal characteristics. But let Patten himself describe his conception of the pragmatic, the genetic type of thinking:

> Cut off all the acquired factors and disregard the psychic abnormalities of depressed conditions, and simple reality stands revealed that may be tested by the method of agreement and verified by the normal as seen in the present. This is the genetic as contrasted with the structural view of thought, and is a legitimate consequence of the displacement of the mechanical view of the universe by the evolutionary. . . . The genetic . . . is synthetic and its reality is revealed in the normal, which expresses for the moment that which extends into the past and will continue into the future. . . . The normal is the permanent, the abiding and the good.

Having demonstrated his method by which the principles of the perfect society could become known, Patten now expressed his theory of what the future would be like. Because they were reaching the pragmatic stage of thought, because they could use the economic interpretation of history, because there was now a favorable economic environment, men were consciously discarding their false historical traditions and beginning to use their natural instincts, they were beginning to be truly religious. Then, becoming religious, they became normal, following their instinct to act in a completely brotherly and social manner. A perfect cooperative commonwealth, therefore, was to be anticipated in the near future. Patten, jettisoning completely his historicism and pragmatism, now offered a poetic vision that denied history and free will as completely as had Plato's utopia.

> . . . a socialized world can no more have a dozen religions than it can have a dozen sciences in one field. . . . So also there can be but one morality, and this will be made effective by the motives that prompt men to lead normal lives. . . . A truly social morality will be more authoritative than any traditional code could be. . . . As society progresses and as the men who compose it become more normal, the same concept will be held by all at maturity. Everyone in his development will go through all the epochs of thought development out of which this higher concept has arisen.

To the degree that Patten's thought is representative of pre-World War I liberalism, it is understandable why the men of that generation and of the younger generation which followed them had difficulty in reacting with decision against the serious ideological challenges which confronted them after 1920. Patten's theories were so constructed as to leave their possessors in utter bewilderment once their basic premises were demolished—for Patten was insulated from the world of reality by his very belief that he was realistic because he used the terminology of pragmatism and historicism. Convinced of the soundness

of his philosophy, Patten drifted along the smooth utopian routes he had imposed on the roughness, the contradictions, the problems of his America.

Postulating a perfect human nature to reach full expression through the new forms of industrialism, the economist had no obligation to search into the actual conditions of the America or the world of 1910 for the nexus of historical development which had made liberalism possible and which could further its progress. Given the purity of his vision, he could shun the historical record, he had to avoid the bumbling confusion of life for fear it might obscure the clarity and truth of that vision. And so he could have no vital interest in the day-by-day struggles of liberalism, he could not be bothered with a pragmatic appreciation of methods needed to defend liberal gains or extend them; the ordained, the inevitable victory of liberalism made superfluous every-day political, social, and economic organizations.

This was the point of no return for Patten when World War I struck; his entire picture of the world was smashed. And the historical record is clear that the war crushed a great deal of romanticism within liberal ranks. Yet the sudden deflation of progressive utopianism has not been related to the problem of explaining the failure of the young people of the 1920's to find principles and ideals to guide their thinking, a failure that has continued to plague liberalism through succeeding years. It is certain that the youth of the '20's must have looked with something more than skepticism at theories like those of Patten; the weaving of sound liberal sentiments within the framework of an impossible blueprint of social development would make it difficult for the older men to communicate in a constructive manner with the younger.

The importance of this relationship needs to be investigated further. In the meantime, this essay stands as a suggestion that the debilitating relativism found in recent liberal thought may very well not be the result of technical philosophical pragmatism but may rather stem from the disintegration of unrecognized elements of utopian rationalism within liberalism, elements incapable of fulfillment in the world of the twentieth century.

A STORY

The Painter

By WILMA SHORE

THE HOUSEMAID led him up the back stairs; he had to make three trips. He could have done it in two; but no, he must take a separate trip with the ladder, so as not to wake the madame. He thought of Rose, who had been up since six, fixing his breakfast and packing his lunch; but what was the use of making comparisons? Maybe this madame also suffered from varicose veins.

It was a slate-gray room with a picture painted all across one wall, a mural. He opened his ladder and tested it. "Will you be wanting anything?" asked the maid, standing with one foot out in the hall; she was in a hurry to get back to her coffee. She looked like the ladder; solidly built, broad at the base, and people had been walking on her for years.

"No, I thank you," he said. There was nothing he enjoyed more than a cup of coffee and a little conversation; but when a man wasn't his own boss, he had to toe the mark. Before Solly sent you on a job, he had it figured down to the quarter hour. Well, he couldn't blame Solly; Solly had to meet competition from other contractors who only hired young men.

But a good worker who knew his trade, knew how to get along with the customers, that was worth more than brute strength. He ran a bucket of water in the adjoining bathroom and brought it in, glancing at the mural as he passed; it was all in warm, dull tones, a cross-section of a house, with animals living like people in all the rooms. Setting the bucket on the ladder, he started to wash the wall on the right. Gray was a funny color for a child's room. A little child, too, judging from the mural. But it was a nice paint job. To tell the truth, it was good for another five years; but if she wanted to paint, paint. That was how a painter kept busy. It was a question of fashion;

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one year everything was off-white, and the year after a woman with light walls would be ashamed to invite guests.

The third wall was half washed when the decorator came. He knew she was the decorator from her clothes, the little hat and the three gold pins on her lapel, and the way she hurried in, as if the street cars couldn't run till she got outside and started them again. No good morning—just dug in her bag for a bit of tan cloth. "A shade darker than this," she said. "Woodwork the same."

"Sure, lady."

He put the cloth in his pocket, but she shook her head. "I'll wait," she said.

All right. He was too old to feel miffed if some little young woman didn't trust his eye. He could mix any color she could find, and in the dark, at that; but, she wanted to wait? Wait.

He pried open his white and stirred it. "Burnt umber and cadmium orange," she said, and then added, "Don't you think?"

"Sure, lady." He took out a tube, covering the label carefully with his hand, and squeezed some in. "Burnt umber," he said.

When he tried it on the wall she okayed it. "Woodwork the same," he said. "Everything but the mural." Check and double-check, that was his motto; then there was no argument.

"Mural too," she said.

Mural too? "You're the boss," he said, politely. She looked at him as if to say, what then? and went away.

He continued washing, but when he came to the mural he stopped. He could do that later. Lifting the paint bucket up on the ladder, he started to paint. It was a nice day, it would dry fast. Downstairs he could hear the help moving around, softly, so as not to wake the madame; even the phone was soft. Only the birds sang loud outside the window. *Chee-wee! Chee-wee!* they sang, and one said *Craw! Craw!* He could picture them to himself, the chee-wees brown with plump gray breasts, the craw! craw! black, with a long beak and a high, stiff tail; the kind of bird that got ahead, grabbed the seeds, brought his wife home the longest strings and twigs.

Every once in a while he glanced back at the mural. When a man was used to working in a bare room, nothing but some furniture under canvas like a corpse in a shroud, he was grateful for a picture, even a children's picture. And this one wasn't something traced off a comic

strip; it was a beautiful painting by a real artist. Each time he looked he noticed something else; a monkey on the roof fixing the television aerial, a cat sitting by the kitchen stove playing the accordion. Back in the old country, when he was a little boy, there was a fellow that played the accordion. Somehow the artist had the cat sitting just like that fellow, leaning back with his legs crossed and the same look in his eye; a kind of bright, sideways glance, to see how everybody was enjoying the music. He could hear the accordion now, in his mind, loud and wheezy, but nice. What a gift, to paint so it made a person hear music that was forty-five years old!

Chee-wee! sang the birds. Feet were running on the stairs, on the thick rugs; madame was ready for breakfast. It seemed strange to paint over a mural that was as good as new. Unless maybe something had happened to the child? Moved away, maybe. Or died, he thought suddenly, and though he had never seen the child, didn't even know if it was a boy or girl, he felt a grab at his heart. His three were big now, married and gone; still, a thought like that grabbed at a man's heart and squeezed it the way he wrung out a sponge.

A door closed, the footsteps came closer. He put his head out into the hall. The maid was going by carrying a green dress and a pair of shoes. "The child here," he said in a low voice, "it's—all right?"

She looked surprised. "He was okay when he left for his grandma's."

"I was just wondering," he said, turning back inside; the footsteps went on down the hall. Far away he could hear a bath running. Thank God, there was nothing wrong with the little boy; that was the most important thing. He sighed, and glanced over at the monkey on the roof, the little pigs sitting with their pink hooves on the dinner table. It was a lot of work, all the little animals and furniture; but whoever painted it must have been well paid; two hundred dollars, maybe, for one wall. And he painted four walls and the woodwork and ceiling for eighteen dollars, and nobody remembered him or his name.

He turned back and dipped his brush in the paint. Mind your own business, old man, he thought.

* * *

By the time he had painted the three walls his arm was aching. He washed up in the bathroom and took his lunch pail downstairs.

The cook stood stirring something in a bowl; the housemaid poured him a cup of coffee, and took one herself. She was tired; there had been a party the night before, with a midnight buffet. "Give me a place with old people," she said, slowly pouring cream into her cup. "And I mean *old*. Eighty, eighty-five. Forty is the dangerous age, all right—dangerous for the help."

"Forty," he said thoughtfully, shaking his sandwich gently over his lunch pail so the crumbs would not fall on the table. "Then the little boy must be twelve, fifteen? Too big for pigs and ducks on the wall. Big enough for maps. Or pictures of great men—Beethoven, Socrates?"

The maid turned to the cook. "What is he, seven?" The cook only poured flour into the bowl and went on stirring. "*Mama's* outgrown the pigs and ducks," said the maid in a low, confidential voice. "They bore her. Isn't it grand to have enough money to be bored?"

"They don't have so much," said the cook. "I've worked in places would make this look like a henhouse."

He shook his head. "The boy is going to miss the animals," he said. "A child makes friends, even with a picture. And such a beautiful picture! I don't like to cover it up."

The housemaid gave him a look that was a little sad, a little mocking. "You see this uniform? All my life I never wore plum, it makes me look bilious." She shrugged. "Madame pays me to wear a plum uniform, I wear it. I don't have to look at it."

"I do," said the cook. "Sometimes it makes me *feel* bilious."

"That's not the uniform," said the maid. "That's the cooking."

"I used to cook for the Biddle-Brants," said the cook. "They had another cook just for the help. I used to throw out more food than they eat here."

The housemaid opened her mouth to answer, but just then a buzzer sounded, loud, insistent; it did not stop till after she was gone. "Jump! Jump!" said the cook, smiling to herself. Wiping her hands on her apron, she began to squeeze the batter through a pastry tube onto a tin tray.

He took his cup to the sink and stopped to watch. It was nice, the way she did it; so sure, so quick. "I thank you," he said. "Good coffee." The cook merely nodded.

He went slowly up the stairs. Running another pail of water he carried it over to the mural. In his head he could hear the wheezing of the accordion, the way it had sounded long ago. He wrung out his sponge and raised it. He was standing, right at the front door of the painted house; just inside was an umbrella stand and a hat rack holding a horse's straw hat with two holes for ears; outside there was a doormat with the artist's signature painted on it like a design: Nina Ray, 1948.

The water ran down his arm; he began washing the mural. How could it hurt, a little soap and water? As he washed he studied the faces on the animals, the dishes in the cupboards, the curtains at the windows. Each face, each dish, each curtain painted by a human hand, a human eye watched it, a human mind planned it. Maybe it wasn't as good as the pictures in the museums, but otherwise it was the same. And they hung there year after year, and this one got blotted out. Why?

He emptied the bucket and went back downstairs. "Can I use the phone?" he asked the cook. She turned from the stove and pointed. "I like to call that decorator."

The phone rang far away; he heard it in his ear, and he thought, maybe, maybe . . . and if not, what have I lost? "Yes," snapped the distant, hurried voice.

"Hello?" he said. "This is the painter, over on Crescent Drive?"

"What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," he said. "I don't ever have trouble. Listen, lady," he said, putting his hand beside his mouth so the cook couldn't hear, "It's up to you . . . but the mural—it looks like a million dollars next to the new paint, *believe* me. If you could tell her how nice it goes with the tan, maybe she'd like to leave it the way it is. . . ."

The decorator gave a little laugh. "But what a novel idea!" she said. "I could tell *all* my clients to leave their houses the way they are. I could also cut my throat."

"Not *all!*" he said. "Not *all*, only—" But she had hung up.

He rose slowly. "I thank you for the call," he told the cook. But at the door he turned back. He dialled the office. "Solly! Listen, Solly, did they tell you I'm supposed to paint over a mural? You know, a hand painting on the wall? Horses, rabbits, cats . . .?"

"A mural?" said Solly. "Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm not kidding," he said, encouraged. "They want I should cover it right over."

"Well, I'm going to tell *you* something," said Solly. "It's going to cost them extra. It don't matter how they scream, one coat won't cover, they'll see it won't cover. Did you mix enough for two coats?"

There was a little pause. "Did you mix enough?" Solly repeated.

"Sure," he said. "I always mix enough."

* * *

He could smell the paint as he reached the top of the stairs. He closed the door behind him and crossed over to the open window and lit a cigarette. There was a tree right outside the window; the birds could look into the second story of the house, and he could look into the second story of the tree. Where he lived was always high, so Rose had to carry the groceries up the stairs every day, so he had to climb up at night when he was tired. When he was younger there were so many mouths to feed, they had to take the cheapest flat; later, when the children moved away, then there weren't so many jobs. The younger men worked steady; he worked when Solly put him on. Two weeks he was laid off before this job; he sat at the window and watched the lines of wash flapping in the breeze. Solly was an old friend; the other contractors wouldn't use a man his age. Now he and Rose were right up under the roof; they couldn't get any higher, and be indoors.

He pinched out his cigarette and threw it down behind the bushes. Don't be a crazy fool, he told himself. They tell you paint, paint. They tell you plum, plum. A man's got to live. Two coats means another day's work. Some lady artist you don't even know, and you're worrying about her. Is she worrying about a picture she painted five, six years ago?

He turned his brush in the paint; then he went into the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. Another day's work was a third the rent, a week's food, two pairs of rubber stockings for Rose. How could he get up on a high horse at his time of life, and ride away from a day's work? Nevertheless he began to wash his hands. Easy-going? Sure—that was his philosophy, but still and all, as a man got along in years he didn't want to look back at his life and see something wrong sticking out like a sore thumb.

He wiped his palms on his overalls and set his cap very straight on his head. Old fool, he thought; then he went into the hall and down the front stairs.

Everything was quiet. The empty rooms lay before him like still ponds; if he went in the air would ripple out in circles. He licked his dry lips. Eighteen dollars; but Rose would understand. In the dining room the straight chairs turned their backs on him, looking only at each other. Farther along he heard a voice behind a door: "Twenty-six, twenty-seven . . ." He put his hand on the knob and stood there; eighteen dollars, he thought, a day's work; I can still go back. . . . He threw open the door.

The voice broke off; he and the madame stared at each other. She was half standing, clutching a bouquet of knives to her chest.

"It's only the painter," said the maid, and the madame began to sit down again. One of the knives slipped through her arm; she grabbed for it and they all went, clattering and clashing, to the floor.

She frowned and sat down. "Well?"

She didn't look more than her middle thirties; such a woman did over her face and hair like she did over her house. He stared at the maid, down on her hands and knees among the knives, and tried to remember what to say. "About the picture," he began. "The mural? It's so nice, the little animals, the little dishes. . . ." The madame was looking at him blankly. "Lady, it isn't up to me, but you understand, it's not just a bare wall, to paint over. . . ."

She put her hands on the edge of the table and leaned back. "You painters!" she said, smiling shrewdly. "Drag out the job! Run up the bill! How is it any harder to paint over a mural than a wall?"

The maid rose and laid the knives carefully on the table, watching him over the madame's shoulder with the same look of mockery and sadness. "I didn't say it right," he said. "I didn't mean—" But the madame only went on smiling, while with one hand she began arranging the knives in a row on the table. He had gotten off on the wrong foot. He put his hands behind him and smiled back. "You got a beautiful house here, lady. . . ."

Dropping her eyes to the knives, she nodded. He went on in a gentle, cajoling voice. "I only wanted to ask you, please, if you could notify the painter? I could phone her up. . . . She might like to look

at her mural before I go over it. Maybe take a photograph. At least let her know—it's only right."

The madame had raised her head and was staring at him. "Isn't that right?" he said. "Wouldn't you want that if it was yours?"

"It is mine," said the madame, in a wondering voice. "I paid for it, it's on my wall, in my house."

Behind her the maid shrugged her shoulders under the plum-colored uniform. She *did* look bilious. But he thought of the flat under the roof, the wash, flapping idly in the breeze. "Sure, lady," he said. "Whatever you want. We aim to please. You want it painted, I paint it. One coat, sixteen coats, whatever you say." He looked again at the maid, but she was wiping a knife with the corner of her apron. "We aim to please," he said.

As he closed the door behind him the voice began again. "Six, seven, eight . . ."

He went back to the room, stirred his paint, and started on the mural. But first he carefully painted out all the faces of the animals, as a mother might shield her children's eyes from something too awful to see.

Trial at Harlow

By NORMAN BIRNBAUM

FIVE YEARS AGO, pleasant valleys and dozing villages marked the Harlow town area, adjoining the forest preserve of Epping between it and the grey immensity of London, twenty-three miles to the south. A Norman Church on Harlow land and Roman remains beneath it completed this picture of rural quiet. The valleys, of course, are still there. But the villages have been awakened. The Norman Church is intact, but the Roman remains have been uncovered. What was farm land is now the site of thousands of homes and a number of factories: an entirely new town has overwhelmed the old. At first glance this change is simply another step in the seemingly remorseless encroachment of London upon its green surroundings. But Harlow (the new town takes its name from the old map) represents something else—a large-scale experiment in urban decentralization and community planning. This experiment was projected by England's wartime coalition government as long ago as 1944. Ten years have passed, and the results merit a look.

The New Town follows a master scheme laid down to capitalize on the rural resources willed to the planners. The streets are not rectangular but follow the curvature of the land. Old country roads, lined by trees, serve as cycleways. But the architects, engineers, administrators and social workers responsible for Harlow have found themselves less able to deal with far more intractable material than nature: the existing English social pattern and the characteristic stubbornness with which the average Briton clings to it. A sketch of the brave hopes entertained for Harlow may make this clear.

The 1944 decision envisaged the creation of ten entirely self-contained towns within a thirty mile radius of London. The drift Londonwards of England's population then seemed (as it does now)

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well-nigh irresistible. The planners were modest; that is, they hoped to get at least as many people out of the city as were due to come in. These worried students of the future aimed at saving London from itself and southeast England from London. They made the transfer of industry from the metropolis to the new towns a central element in their scheme, in order to induce the workers to follow their jobs out.

The short distances involved have brought much criticism of the decentralization project. An American would laugh at a plan for relieving congestion in the New York area that involved planting a new community not very far north of Port Chester. Many English observers await, with a confident pessimism, the day when London's suburbs reach out to amalgamate with these new centers designed for autonomy. The planners answer that Londoners can't be persuaded to move very far from their city, and add that England's hyper-cautious industrialists are similarly reluctant. But one feels that this issue isn't of overmuch concern to the visionaries turned bureaucrat who designed and now administer the New Towns. For along with their relatively modest goal of providing spillways for London's overflow population, they had other and more grandiose ambitions.

The New Towns were to be self-contained communities in which work and play, job and home could again find the organic connection they lost in the Industrial Revolution. The planners of Harlow were not content to put housing and working opportunities for a target population of eighty thousand in immediate reach of one another. They hoped to shape a physical framework which would eliminate that residential segregation by classes which keeps the inhabitants of modern cities off each others' streets. Harlow's streets today reflect that plan. Housing units at different rents (nobody can buy property there, although 99-year leases are all right) adjoin each other. And the paths meandering past front and back of the houses, the irregular distribution of residences on curiously intertwined and compulsively non-rectangular streets, bring a result neither unforseen nor unwished by the designers: "Our people," a Harlow official said, "can look at each other from all sorts of angles."

Fourteen thousand people are now looking at each other in Harlow. They are staff and workers in the factories moved up from London, the schoolteachers, busdrivers, shopkeepers, and construction workers serving them. How do they like what they see? The manager

of the Harlow Development Corporation, the quasi-independent government agency in charge of the New Town, thinks he knows part of the answer. "The completely one-class neighborhoods of the past have been abandoned," he has recently stated, "but experience suggests the wisdom of reserving in future development a number of somewhat secluded sites for better type houses."

The manager's declaration, in the best tradition of English understatement, points to a problem that vexes Harlow officialdom. It is the problem of attaining "balance"—a not very obscure euphemism for middle-class representation in the population. Not a few of the factory executives now working in Harlow have chosen to live nearby in surroundings dear to many homeseekers advertising in the *Times* of London: "an unspoiled village." The middle class, obviously, is not willing to be separated from the ideal of a detached house, complete with a suitably hedged garden, in the country or an appropriately respectable suburb. Harlow sounds too much like a housing project to compete with this kind of social consciousness. One of the basic rules of the New Town experiment, therefore, has had to be broken: that requiring Harlow residents to work in the town itself. The Corporation has been renting homes to middle-class people who can be attracted to Harlow because of the capital's housing problem. Today, a seventh of the working population commutes to London desks.

But we should not conclude that middle-class people shy away from Harlow absolutely, or refuse to look at their neighbors once they get there. The community center is full of them. For precisely this reason, they tend to talk mainly to themselves once they get there. The managerial and public relations techniques useful in forming groups, if only gardening societies, are usually exclusive middle-class property. Working-class residents don't come forward. Their shyness may well be due to a sort of artificially induced incapacity: they don't need such techniques on manual jobs, and never get the chance to develop them. (Not all middle-class people are in community activity for the fun of it alone: some are business people seeking "good-will.")

Working-class residents of Harlow seem preoccupied with their new homes. Lots of them are enjoying undisputed use of their own kitchens and bathrooms for the first time. Harlow workers are generally skilled workers (so that both the upper and lower elements in the occupational scale are missing from the new town) but the struggle

against the rising cost of living absorbs a good many energies. But some working-class housewives complain of the absence of neighborliness in Harlow, although it is difficult to know exactly what they mean. Apparently, some miss the peculiar intimacies of life in London streets. Others are distressed by the proximity of middle-class families, more on grounds of general uneasiness than because of specifically reported frictions. (The rent problem has been heard to evoke from one woman the familiar complaint, "There's never any consideration for the poor.") Some middle-class people, in their turn, are indignant at being set next to people "not like ourselves." In any case, proximity alone doesn't efface the differences built into people by the nature of British society—and that society has always had class barriers much firmer than our own.

It would have been a wonder, of course, if the class lines dividing the rest of English society could have been kept out of Harlow. No small part of the planners' dream, however, was that somehow their effects could be modified. The community common rooms stand in every neighborhood of the new town as monuments to their hopes. The term, common room, is taken from the British universities. This is no accident since the planners are largely middle-class people with at least unconscious tendencies to recast the British working-class in their own image. But one feels that they must have counted on Britain as a whole moving in an unequivocally socialist direction. The opposite is now happening, and this has far more effect on the Harlow experiment than its street plan.

In the first place, prices have been rising steeply since the Conservative government took controls off the economy. Building costs have climbed forty per cent since the first new town houses were begun in 1948. Newcomers have had to settle for rougher work, less room and higher rents. (This was another factor in the Corporation's decision to admit white collar people from London; many of those employed in Harlow industries were unable to afford the housing intended for them.) Housing in Harlow, it should be noted, isn't subsidized as much as municipal housing and rents must amortize building costs. The present government shows no inclination to help; Conservatives aren't known for their devotion to social experiments. But the new town has been caught in a crossfire of long-range political purposes since England's economic crisis began in 1947.

Conservatives in the coalition government approved the New Town plan because the idea of decentralization made sense to them. Some but by no means all Laborites were addicted to the new community notion—more felt that it was a partial and utopian approach to things bothering British society. (Many didn't bother about it—Labor is a large party, and has a good many "realists" stuck in immediacy.) The Ministry of Town Planning was subordinate to almost all other departments in the first Labor government, and when "Austerity" set in, the new towns got even lower priorities.[1] Today, the Harlow Corporation finds it difficult to get permission to build factories for industry ready to move up from London. Part of this is dictated by the curious imperialism fostered by bureaucracy; any new ministry has a hard time with the others. But most of it reflects the feeling, not peculiar to Conservative politicians, that England has neither time nor money for this kind of experiment.

Meanwhile, England's political parties are beginning to maneuver for footholds in Harlow. Political power over the town is now allocated among the four parishes, or precincts, designed for the rural population before the new project was begun. But a new urban government structure will soon be formed, and the influx of population makes Harlow worth attention in terms of its decisive future effect on the contest for the area's seat in the Commons. All this has not prevented some earnest locals from writing the Harlow *Citizen* and calling for an exclusion of party politics from the affairs of the New Town. Others have reminded the advocates of independence that the residents presumably packed their political opinions with the rest of their goods when they left London. Some sardonic letter writers have recalled that independents in local affairs usually turn out to be Tories, that high-sounding talk on the public good generally resolves itself into favors for the prosperous taxpayer. Informed local opinion is agreed that the Harlow population will swing the district to Labor. The newspaper editor meanwhile predicts some interesting conflicts when the new urban government emerges while the nonelective Corporation retains important powers in its own hands.

What about the visual pleasure the New Town affords? The most impressive feature of Harlow is its ground plan but this, unfortunately, can best be appreciated by examining a map in an office. Using the

[1]Harold Orlans, *Utopia, Ltd.* (Yale, 1953).

slightly rolling contours of the land, the planners have projected four residential neighborhoods grouped about a town center in roughly four-leaf clover shape. Factory sites are to be placed at both ends of the town, to avoid stigmatizing one district as the "East End" so characteristic of English industrial cities.

A visitor is likely to be disappointed by the visual impression Harlow makes. It is true that the houses have been grouped in a conscious challenge to monotony, but the whole thing has an arbitrary, incongruous air. The open places between clusters of houses were meant to convey spaciousness—instead they just seem empty.

The most striking and effective architectural thing done in Harlow was the construction of several large apartment houses in open settings. Modern in temper, they seem to soar over their green surroundings. The entire New Town, done in this way, would have cost less, eaten up less agricultural land, and provided a real lesson in future urban design. Instead, the traditional English dislike for apartment houses prevailed: the corporation had difficulty in renting these "flats." The latest set of Harlow houses, built under the economic pressures mentioned above, are small row houses set back to back—recalling to London's "Green Belt" some of the early and monotonous horrors of the Industrial Revolution's impact on the face of England. Harlow today has no rural character; neither does it resemble a town. It is too disjointed, perhaps happily, to recall England's neat suburbia. It has instead an over-all air of tentativeness, as if—despite all the planning—it was just strewn over the landscape.

This feeling of tentativeness mirrors in brick the social uncertainties troubling the New Town. Corporation officials point to a withdrawal rate of only two per cent of the population to those asking about satisfaction with the project, and this is indeed impressive. But one reflects that withdrawal from Harlow, for a majority of its inhabitants, means a search for a new job and for new homes in a still difficult housing situation. It is hard to pronounce this experiment a success. The continuation of all the sources of class difference outside Harlow—and the renewed emphasis put on these differences by the Conservative government—has rendered impossible the creation of optimal experimental conditions. Perhaps that was the initial error of the planners; over-enthusiastic about their own vision, they overestimated what they could do in one corner of the stage.

Lines to a Better Poet

By JOHN FORBIS

We have smelled the manly sin of self-destruction
redolent
in every line and dot and page
yet we did help to tie the net.
Unknowing always,
poor in meanings, a little semantics, one must beg,
is a sorrowful thing.
We failed to find your world among the household lists
while outside
God went smiling like an open knife.

He's short on strength, we said,
the trap is fatal since he's nearly dead.

This death was by addiction.
You had taken too large dosages of dreams until
they howled at night beside you . . . but then
your failure shepherds many folk,
herding them alike to the shearer—
"the dreamer, the drinker, the seer of a ghost,"
drive alike without identity.

You watched a ghost
that now is watching you.
Reciprocal vision.
You might have caught the irony inherent in the clock.
You might have laughed . . . but no,
you were not gallant in the face of time
more likely you would run and hide
behind the skirt of dreams.

JOHN FORBIS has published poetry in a number of little magazines.

Books - - - -

McCARTHYISM, COMMUNISM, INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM

The Present Danger: Four Essays on American Freedom. Southern Methodist University Press, 1953. $2.

But We Were Born Free. Elmer Davis. Bobbs-Merrill, 1954. $2.75.

Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent. Henry Steele Commager. Oxford, 1954. $2.50.

On Education and Freedom. Harold Taylor. Abelard-Schuman, 1954. $3.50.

I Protest. G. Bromley Oxnam. Harper, 1954. $2.50.

The Urge to Persecute. A. Powell Davies. Beacon Press, 1953. $2.75.

Freedom and Loyalty in Our Colleges. Ed. by Robert E. Summers. (Reference Shelf series, Vol. 26: no. 2.) H. W. Wilson, 1954. $1.75.

Where We Came Out. Granville Hicks. Viking, 1954. $3.50.

The Test of Freedom. Norman Thomas. Norton, 1954. $3.

McCarthy and His Enemies. William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell. Henry Regnery, 1954. $5.

McCarthy and the Communists. James Rorty and Moshe Decter. Beacon Press, 1954. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.

The Appeals of Communism. Gabriel A. Almond. Princeton University Press, 1954. $6.

Here are a dozen books on aspects of a significant problem of our time—the maintenance of intellectual freedom under the twin pressures of Communism and McCarthyism. I have been tempted to select no more than two or three to discuss; the review would thus be more manageable. But the spread of attention from one book to another is great, and in considering a problem which has caused such confusion in American public opinion, there may be value in looking at all twelve.

Four of the books are collections of essays or reworked speeches: those by Elmer Davis, Henry Steele Commager, President Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence College; and a symposium by Paul Hoffman, Gerald Johnson, Kenneth Royal and Henry Wriston from an institute held at Southern Methodist University. It seems no coincidence that these four books speak vigorously and sometimes with eloquence on the subject of American freedom—or that they fall short on analysis of why we have arrived at our present condition and what we should do about it. An es-

say is a vehicle in which to view with alarm (if the subject is, say, McCarthyism) or to point with pride (at, say, the Bill of Rights). It is not, even when the essays touch on similar topics and are grouped together, the way to develop a theme logically or to analyze either a cause or a cure.

Elmer Davis's *But We Were Born Free* is the wittiest and has the largest audience. The book has been a best seller ever since its appearance last February. (Only one other of the full dozen has hit the best seller lists, and that for a shorter period and for a different reason—Buckley and Bozell's *McCarthy and His Enemies.*) The record of *But We Were Born Free* would indicate that liberty is still a rallying cry—or is it only the reading public who jump when intellectual freedom seems threatened?

The Southern Methodist symposium, *The Present Danger,* is notable chiefly because at least three of its four authors are conservatives. This is not the accepted pattern.

In *Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent* Henry Steele Commager has hitched his series of essays on freedom to pragmatism. His meaning here is to ask in general terms if any nation can survive for long without freedom. But he leaves his own argument wide open when he approvingly quotes William James to the effect that the pragmatist "seeks to determine the meaning of all difference of opinion by making the discussion hinge as soon as possible upon some practical or particular issue." For this is exactly what Commager does not do; he avoids all detailed discussion of communism, subversion, and other modern "tests" of freedom.

Of the four, Harold Taylor (*On Education and Freedom*) makes the only serious attempt at analysis of communism in his longest essay, "Communism and the American Colleges," and concerning his success or failure I should like to defer comment till further on in this review.

What of the other books? Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam's *I Protest* is his account of his altercation with the House Committee on Un-American Activities. One would expect a man of the cloth to present his case primarily as one of conscience, but he does so only as a kind of afterthought. His primary argument is *tu quoque* and *ad hominem,* and his secondary one is to attempt to pull rank and respectability on his Congressional tormentors. The Bishop is a brave man, but in other respects he exhibits some of the imprecision and emotionalism which one might expect from a popular performer of assembly, radio and television.

A better balanced performance from a clergyman is A. Powell Davies' *The Urge to Persecute.* He sees the evils in both Communism and McCarthyism though he does not go very far into analysis. No other author speaks in such specifically human terms of individual loyalty in-

vestigations, at the same time referring ambiguously to the "thoroughness—even the rigor" of those investigations.

Freedom and Loyalty in Our Colleges edited by Robert Summers, might well be on the desk of every college president. It is a well-rounded reference book of varied selections on Communism and National Security, Indictments Against the Schools, Federal Investigation of Education, the States and Subversion, the Loyalty Oath Battle, the Fifth Amendment Controversy, and Academic Freedom.

In *Where We Came Out* Granville Hicks has written a record of his feelings and opinions as a former Communist who left the party in 1939. Hicks's effort at honesty is written all over his pages. Perhaps his most interesting bit of testimony (which he does not unduly emphasize) is that he was less condemned for being a Communist in the 1930's than he is now for being an ex-Communist.

The best balanced, most far-reaching book on ideas and policy is Norman Thomas's *The Test of Freedom*, subtitled "the State of Liberty under the Twin Attacks called Communism and McCarthyism." The book is not detailed or prolix (200 pages in 12-point) and is not documented except where Mr. Thomas has clearly drawn his basic conclusions. But its unwritten footnotes and its reams of experience and hard thought on the subject of freedom provide a wealth of documentation unequalled elsewhere.

Most heavily documented in the conventional sense is Buckley and Bozell's *McCarthy and His Enemies* —a best seller (but not as popular as Elmer Davis). The book might be described as the egghead "defense" of McCarthy. But it is among the least understanding, possibly because the youthful authors have, practically speaking, the shortest perspective.

McCarthy and the Communists is a collaboration, just published, between James Rorty and Moshe Decter. It examines McCarthyism and the investigating record of Senator McCarthy, up through the Monmouth and Voice of America hearings, against the background of the Communist threat and American conservatism's support of McCarthy. Their approach is analytical rather than rhetorical and is politically informed.

Gabriel Almond's *The Appeals of Communism,* also just published, is oriented toward foreign policy, being an examination of the personal pull of Communism not only here but abroad. Its position is warranted in this list chiefly because it is the only book aside from Morris Ernst and David Loth's *Report on the American Communist* to look, in detail, into Communist case histories, and because it covers a much broader sampling. (The Almond study was financed by the Carnegie Corporation; Representative Carroll Reece please note.)

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How are we to measure the performance of these books? I have already hinted at two principal yardsticks. Intellectual freedom is under attack from two sources, Communism and McCarthyism, and any analysis of how to solve our present problem would seem to require some analysis of the enemies of freedom.

Communism

The general performance of most of the authors on this subject is disappointing. If the subject is not entirely new, our conceptions about it and much new information should have altered our evaluations. Furthermore, the dissatisfaction with popular stereotypes of Communism as promoted by Congressional investigating committees, which a majority of the authors emphasize, would seem to require care in setting the record straight. Yet only a minority (Thomas, Hicks, Almond, Rorty and Decter) come to grips with the threat of Communism. And of the others only Harold Taylor and the Rev. Davies make any effort (in each case incomplete and inadequate) to consider it.

Perhaps the most significant volume on international Communism of the last few years is Jules Monnerot's *The Sociology and Psychology of Communism* (appearing in 1949; publication in English here in 1953). No one refers to it except Thomas and Almond. Nor except for these two (Almond's book is thoroughly documented) are there other significant references to information about Communism.

This failure brings in its wake other inadequacies. There is no doubt, for example, that Elmer Davis is informed on the subject of Communism. But one finds no analysis of its works in his pages (of such a phenomenon as perversions of language and of method, for instance), and this lack becomes the more significant when he writes such a sentence as the following: "It is no accident so many ex-Communists have become extreme reactionaries; it is remarkable only that some few of them have escaped into sanity."

The animadversion against ex-Communists is by way of becoming a popular "liberal" stereotype—and solely because a handful have become paid informers before Congressional committees. If we except Granville Hicks as personally involved, plus Norman Thomas, Almond, and a reference or two in Rorty and Decter, there is not one iota of recognition in these authors of the importance of ex-Communists to our knowledge and analysis of Communism. Nor is there, incidentally, any recognition of the important contributions of those with a socialist background. We still await from someone somewhere an evaluation of the contributions of the Bertram Wolfes, the Jay Lovestones, the Granville Hicks's, the Lewis Coreys.

Another popular stereotype is the use of the term "witch hunt." The Rev. Davies even defends it. He notes the opposing criticism: "Communists are real, whereas witches did not exist except in the imagination of fanatics." But, says the clergyman, witches *did* once exist, and he cites the organized orders of witches in England and France. This misses the point of the error that occurs when one speaks of a Communist witch hunt. The parallel assumption behind the term will be seen for its falsity if it is put plainly like this: from our modern superior knowledge we now know that evil practices were mistakenly attributed to witches; similarly, from our current superior knowledge we now know that evil practices have been mistakenly attributed to Communists. Is this the assumption which the Rev. Davies and other non-Communists want to defend?

McCarthyism

Interestingly enough, most of the authors considered here are no more analytical or objective about Senator McCarthy and McCarthyism than they are about Communism. They denounce McCarthy and McCarthyism. They frequently suggest a parallelism between his rise and that of Hitler. But they do not look closely at the record.

It is a sad commentary on the liberal approach to McCarthyism that the first organized, detailed analysis of the Senator's record as an investigative foe of Communism was Buckley and Bozell's *McCarthy and His Enemies* published last March.[1] This is not to say that the book, for all its care and examination of documents, is a major work. Dwight Macdonald in the July-August *Partisan Review* has ticked off its repeated apologetics for McCarthy by showing their parallelism to the apologetics for Stalin in the *Nation* of the 1930's. It is safe to say that many readers will draw conclusions different from the author's on the same evidence.

Considerably more perceptive on this subject are Rorty and Decter in *McCarthy and the Communists*, in which for the first time close analysis of the McCarthy investigative record is joined to good political judgment. The authors, without pulling any punches on McCarthy's methods, conclude that the State Department loyalty program at which he was shooting had been ineffective and that the Tydings Committee investigation of McCarthy's charges was a failure. They go on to show in detail that Communist methods are McCarthy's methods. They show that McCarthy for more than a year

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[1]Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May published a personal, scattergun, obviously biased account of Senator McCarthy in 1952, and there is the Senate report on McCarthy, confined largely to documentation of his earlier personal record. Neither of these tell the investigative story. The *Progressive's* "McCarthy: a Documented Record" appeared late in April.

has been attempting to discredit and to destroy responsible Republican leadership. They expose in detail the shambles of the Monmouth hearings and the Voice of America investigation: although the news which McCarthy as a one-man investigating committee gave out about the hearings referred repeatedly to Fifth Amendment Communists, all witnesses who used the Fifth Amendment actually came from elsewhere than the Monmouth installation. (On this evidence alone, it can be seen that the Army-McCarthy hearings were not considering the most pertinent issues posed by the Monmouth hearings.) The authors also introduce evidence to show, however, that McCarthy leads no totalitarian movement. And they wind up with a plan of "how to combat Communism responsibly." The total effect is to make the conventional denunciation of McCarthy obsolete, to put the Senator in perspective, and to give us a fresh grip on political reality.

Education

Rorty and Decter write of our current struggle for intellectual freedom and political realism as a gigantic operation in education. So it is. In a democracy we cannot let a major issue like communism or McCarthyism rest until everyone has been given a chance to understand it. Furthermore, our whole system of education has been built from the people up without supposition of class or hierarchy, and our colleges unlike the German universities (once so free but in Hitler's time so enslaved) are assumed to have some relationship to the rest of society. If there were no such relationship, we should have far less difficulty in establishing the right and importance of academic freedom.

In discussing Communism, the American college and intellectual freedom, President Taylor speaks of the importance of trustees. (This is more than many faculty members do!) Yet he seems to see the trustees solely as a "front" of protection against society. There is no suggestion that they might serve as middlemen between the college and society or that they must walk on a two-way street.

Indeed, it is hard not to be as impatient with some of President Taylor's conclusions as he is with Congressional investigating committees. He denies the fact that where Communism exists, there must also be anti-Communism. (Why, he might ask himself, was the term "red-baiting" so successfully used at one time in liberal circles to discredit and stop the honest criticism which is the due of any system of ideas and action?) He says nothing of the conclusion of Sidney Hook (*Freedom and Loyalty in Our Colleges,* p. 187) of which he must be aware, that "large sections of American liberalism, particularly in the universities, are much less concerned with the outrages of Communist totali-

tarianism against their victims . . . than they were with the outrages of Fascist totalitarianism. . . ." He says nothing of the fact that Communism has had more appeal for intellectuals, however small that appeal may have been within the entire group, than fascism has ever had. There is nothing anywhere in his book to indicate that one of the qualities of a mature educational system is plain old-fashioned skepticism. Nor does he suggest anywhere (and here, of course, he is in agreement with the overwhelming majority of the outspoken defenders of academic freedom in higher education, including the American Association of University Professors) that campus education can take place outside the classroom—especially in a small college.

President Taylor believes the colleges, if allowed to, can do a good job of dispelling for the rest of the country the "confusion" which has accumulated around the "social doctrine" of Communism. But this raises perhaps more embarrassing questions than it discloses answers. Why, for instance, did not the colleges take more of a lead in reconverting public opinion after the war? Why did not more teachers called to testify attempt, like Robert Gorham Davis and Granville Hicks, to improve popular and Congressional understanding of Communism? (These questions may not seem quite fair, but after his statement, it seems logical to ask them of President Taylor.)

Handling on campus that part of Communism which is more than "social doctrine" can be quite as ticklish a job as it is off campus. How, for example, do you realistically present to students Communism's deceit, such matters as the stealing of documents, the question of infiltration of organization? It is in part because such problems do not seem real to modern students that they occasionally express the quaint desire to see a live admitted Communist on campus (possibly as a teacher)—as a kind of exhibit to which they could refer.

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Communist activity in American education has been relatively small. Yet it was far larger and of longer duration than its twin totalitarian influence, fascism. Furthermore, the colleges, where reside many of the intellectuals who are presumed to lead the consideration and discussion of ideas, were slow to reconvert their postwar liberalism away from collaboration with Communism. They may not have been slower than other groups, but the responsibilities of intellectual leadership should have made them respond more quickly.

The full story of that infiltration is most difficult to get at in any realistic way today. And it is doubtful that we need to have all the dirty details spread out at this date. What we do need is a full-scale examination of the intellectual-anti-intellectual war; we need a number of case studies of special distrust of certain

colleges within their communities, of attacks on academic freedom and of the responses to those attacks. In such studies it will not do to ignore the Communist and pro-Communist background which existed. On some campuses there *was* Communist activity. Sometimes it went well beyond the limits of propaganda usual to a group promoting a special cause. And plainly it had an original part in stimulating distrust both within the college community and without. Though it should not be exaggerated, it should not be swept under the rug, either, or we shall presently be very nearly back where we started in the 1930's.

PAUL BIXLER

ROOSEVELT AND HOWE

Franklin D. Roosevelt was, by most accounts, not a very appealing figure when he first appeared to take his seat in the New York State Senate in 1911. There followed him from Hyde Park to Albany stories about the campaign of the fall before which made him seem, to the professionals — and legislatures are heavily weighted with professionals — a more than slightly ridiculous youngish man of 29. Edward E. Perkins, the Poughkeepsie boss with Tammany affiliations, who had accepted him reluctantly anyway at the behest of District Attorney John E. Mack, with disgust advised him once, when he appeared at a political meeting in riding breeches, "to go home and put on his pants." In that campaign there had been, also, a bright red Maxwell car, which had caused passing horses to snort and rear and was said not to have endeared the candidate riding in it to the conservative farmers of Dutchess County. There was, however, the fact that the young man had been elected; but that was explained, his detractors said, by the Republican split of the year—the beginning of the schism which by 1912 became catastrophic—not by any special attractiveness the candidate might have had.

And then Roosevelt joined the anti-Tammany conspiracy to prevent the election of Blue-Eyed Billy Sheehan to the United States Senate. This was first on the list of Tammany's legislative plans for the session. It was in payment of a debt. Sheehan had furnished, on behalf of his utility clients, much of the wampum for Tammany's winning campaign; and Charles F. Murphy, the Grand Sachem, was obligated to make return. It was an historic battle in which the young Roosevelt was made to appear, somewhat exaggeratedly, the leader of the "good government" forces. If neither side exactly won, Tammany, when it was over, knew that there had been a fight. Also, it was widely advertised that a new champion of the people

had arisen, one not afraid to challenge the bosses. It did not detract from the notice he got that his name was Roosevelt; but in his own right he was now a marked man. The slightly dudish fellow, in the pince nez which Al Smith was pleased to call his "pinchers," had made the whole state sit up and take notice.

Louis McHenry Howe was correspondent for the New York *Herald* and its evening counterpart the *Telegram*. On the second day of the Sheehan revolt he wrote a dispatch in which he spoke of:

> Twenty-one men, so little reckoned with in politics that their very names, until yesterday, were practically unknown outside the limit of their home districts . . . successfully defying the weight of Tammany Hall, blocking the progress of one of the most carefully planned moves in recent years, standing unterrified by threats and unmoved by the most cunning politicians. . . .

This group of resisters were, he said:

> Led by a new Senator without experience in the game, who looks like a boy. . . .[1]

The thin, already tiring, forty-year-old reporter who wrote this dispatch—and many others which followed as the struggle ran its course—was an odd personality with what he believed to be an incorrigibly cynical view of political affairs. In fact, like many other cynics, there seethed beneath his sophisticated surface a great rage concerning the betrayal of ordinary, well-intentioned people by corrupt professionals. The revolt against Tammany was in vivid contrast to the usual sorry tale of meanness become unremarkable; and it was seized on by Louis with a delight which communicated itself in some degree to other reporters and made of the Sheehan case a political parable of enormous moral worth. Louis knew that young Roosevelt had not begun the defiance and was not even its leader; he knew when it was over that the senator he had chosen for the role of hero had not really been so disinterestedly courageous as he had been pictured. But sitting in that unusual legislator's house on State Street, seeing the sparkle of the Roosevelt eye, the vigor of the tall athletic body, and the charm which came through in man-to-man contacts, he conceived a conspiracy of outrageous dimensions against the demeaners of democracy. He would direct, encourage, worry, and push this young man into a position so powerful that through him such a punishment and purification could be accomplished as would compensate ordinary folk for their long immolation.

Louis had long ago given up any idea of leadership for himself. He recognized himself as an ugly little man with no flair for dress or appearance; he was scrawny and sickly and unappealingly sardonic. That he harbored dreams of regeneration in American life, that he had been

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[1]Quoted in *The Man Behind Roosevelt*, by Lela Stiles. World Publishing Company, 1954.

touched and had reacted to the muckrakers' activities just then ending—all this no one knew. Perhaps no one ever knew it while he lived except Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt and his long-suffering family.

Eleanor herself was very slow to discover what made the unappetizing little man run. He would have been a member of her household for years before she could be enlisted in Louis's unacknowledged crusade. Afterward she would be amazed at her slowness to catch on, and would speak in *This Is My Story*, half-ashamedly of her unperceptiveness. Louis never expected anyone to notice him, much less appreciate his intentions. He would have been alarmed if it had happened, because it would have amounted to exposure of his conspiracy. Still, he hoped that Eleanor could be enlisted. In the end, he became her mentor as well as Franklin's. And it is by no means certain that his impact on the world through her was so much less than his impact through Franklin.

His famous letter of 1912, written on the stationery of the New York State Wilson Conference — written, as a matter of fact, to Franklin in Baltimore at the Democratic convention—which addressed his principal as "Beloved and Revered Future President" is, to my mind, cited as evidence in the wrong case. It is usually adduced to prove that Louis Howe was a remarkable prophet, whereas its real meaning is to be found in its declaration of determination. There must have been half-a-dozen seconds of hopeful politicians who were Franklin's contemporaries who, if their records could be dug up, would exhibit the same air of prophesy. Their faithful supporters, looking at Al Smith, Fiorello LaGuardia, Bob LaFollette, Hiram Johnson, Burt Wheeler—not to mention at all the conservative contenders—might very well have addressed them in the same terms. Indeed I should expect that it was done and that some day the evidence will appear. They could not all have been right. Louis Howe had more persistence; he was more single-minded; he was more detached from his own affairs; and both he and his candidate had better luck. So his greeting of 1912 comes to seem more significant than others of a similar sort.

What does have to be read into this and other similar evidence is that, from the very first, both Franklin and Louis were playing for the highest stakes. Franklin Roosevelt was never anything but a Presidential candidate until he became President. And if he had shown any tendency to settle into any place and to meet its challenges without reference to the future, Louis would have blistered him fore and aft with furious reminders. Looking back, and in a kind of unbuttoned mood one day, Louis said something to the effect that "you don't fool around with high politics without having the Presidency in mind." And this, I think, is the key to the affair.

Measured by the satisfaction of Louis's compulsion, it was very fortunate that he seated his ambitions in Franklin Roosevelt. For Franklin, if there ever was one, was a man of destiny. To be sure, there were not many who could see this destiny in clear prospect; but it is inescapable in retrospect. Louis might very well have bogged down somewhere along the way, because as is quite plain, he finally allowed his affections to overcome his fierce and otherwise overmastering drive toward the mountaintop. His fellow climber at times seemed exhausted; sheer pity required cessation of pressure; and pity, probably to Louis's consternation, startlingly revealed itself as love.

Racing to Campobello, and sitting then with the fallen athlete whose paralysis only so very gradually consented to retreat into his legs—even his arms and his chest had been at first affected—Louis discovered, as I interpret it, a compassion which had never been called upon until then. He himself had always been the defensive weakling, gradually forced to give up bodily exercise, more and more subject to disabilities he could not overcome. Franklin had been the glowing young man, filled with vigor, exuding charm. He now lay stricken; and Louis could feel that he could be of help not only as he hitherto had, as a kind of gadfly, a carping critic, a demanding gnome. Franklin, all of a sudden, needed a helping friend; and Louis, to his amazement, suddenly had the greater strength. It revolutionized their relationship. And, paradoxically, it deposed Louis from his seniority.

It was not long until Louis, having talked it out with the doctors, was required, or thought he was, to do battle with the enfolding mother, Sara, who would now have taken her boy back to Hyde Park in a smother of sentiment. It was in this struggle that Louis and Eleanor found each other as allies. For Eleanor, it was something of a time of decision anyway, even if her husband had not been stricken. Their relations were bound to undergo that change which comes to all couples as they emerge from family love into either companionship or estrangement. Eleanor was an intelligent but strangely detached and unworldly woman, as she made the choice Louis now held out to her. She must have shrunk from its demands and from the embarrassing exposures of her inadequacy. Louis was never in his life, it seems, gentle with anyone else. But he was gentle then with Eleanor.

All three had a choice to make as Franklin's disease entered its convalescent stage. And I think it was not Eleanor and Louis shaming him for reluctance or supporting him in renewing ambition, but rather his own strength flooding back as disease retreated, which made the decision for him that he would go on. By now, if Franklin Roosevelt had

any life at all it was a political life; and that Franklin for a moment considered his mother's demands for retreat, I cannot believe. He never was guided by his mother anyway, tender as he was of her. So Eleanor and Louis, I think, had less of a battle than is sometimes pictured as going on by the bedside in the Presbyterian Hospital. Even though the fine sharp edge of Louis's intention to punish social malefactors was dangerously dulled by the affections which came upon him in 1921, and which might have ruined his vicarious career, he was saved by the fortunate circumstance that it was Franklin Roosevelt for whom the affection was conceived. Studying the two careers, running together and difficult to differentiate, I have at least the suspicion that it was just here, where he seems to have been most incapable of such a thing, that Franklin took over and that Louis was relegated to mere helper. He had schemes; he objected; and, as usual, he carped. But he no longer thought of himself as the director of the joint enterprise; and the principal, as he must presently have realized, had intentions very like his own.

He told Franklin that very possibly he had gained more than he had lost. The wasteful dispersion of energy involved in the kind of campaign indicated for the years of exile could be greatly modified by Franklin's inability to get around. Much more now could be done by proxy—and there were Louis and Eleanor for proxies. There might even be time for Franklin to think; and this seemed suddenly important. Until about this time neither had considered that their joint ambition involved the ability to work out a public policy, even though they would never doubt their administrative competence.

There was also time to play; and in the life of Franklin there is no more humanly touching interlude than the years of his convalescence. True, the rigors of his regimen were enough to try any man's courage. There were endless exercises—which called on every reserve of strength he could discover. But there were also hours in the sun; there was time with his children and with friends; there were competitions in the making and sailing of model boats; he improved his stamp collection; he read further in his favorite historical periods and even thought of writing some history himself; and there was a new and deeper relationship with Eleanor who, until then, had been less companion than mother of his children. Louis was at his side, more than ever an alter ego, all during these recuperative years.

There were times when the way ahead was not plain; but it is hard to think that it was too confused. Looking back it can easily be seen how events marched to their conclusion in an ordered series. There was much good judgment along the way —as when they decided to support

Al Smith for the Presidency. Al had his chance with Franklin's vigorous concurrence; and the abysmal nature of his defeat left the gate wide open for Franklin at the right time —he was next in line among Democrats. And a historian has to be singularly naive to believe that this was not anticipated. But there was luck too. All three had agreed, for instance, that 1928 was a year marked for the Republicans. Franklin, encouraged by his progress at Warm Springs, was resolved to concentrate more than ever on recovery until 1930; then he might seriously begin his re-entry to politics as a prospective candidate. But in 1928 the desperateness of the Smith cause made it impossible for him to avoid running for the governorship even if it was against his judgment and Eleanor's. It was even more against that of Louis; but by strange chance all three were separate when the sacrifice had to be accepted. Eleanor was actually at the convention and was the first of the three to succumb to political pleading. Franklin made the decision alone—he was at Warm Springs—in the face of a hail of protesting messages from Louis. But Louis was in New York and could not really bring pressure to bear, and Franklin gave in to the plea that, as a regular Democrat, the day of his duty had come.

As a result of this unwelcome decision, Franklin was ready for 1932 when he and Louis had judged it premature. Hoover was entitled, by all the rules, to a second term. 1936 was the earliest a Democrat could challenge with any prospect of success. It was the depression which changed the prospective time table and made it fortunate indeed that Franklin was governor in Albany and so the natural Democratic candidate.

1932 was a sweet year for Louis; but it nearly killed him. His biographer recounts a vivid scene in the old Congress Hotel in Chicago at convention time when Louis, prostrate on the floor and gasping through his terrible asthmatic constriction, nevertheless dominated the strategy which resulted in the deal with Garner and finally the nomination. But the author of our biography overdoes it; the direction came from Albany. It was the warm, confident voice of Franklin himself on the telephone day and night which directed Farley's moves, kept wavering supporters loyal, and argued Rayburn and McAdoo into the critical trade. Louis was never a competent political strategist nor a statesman of account.. He was a political contriver; he had an ambition for vicarious power with tremendous animus behind it; but his was a secondary role all through the approach to the New Deal; and it dwindled during the White House days to a nominal one. Even at Chicago the kindness which would soften the decline of his participation was beginning. Everyone in the official family shared the conspiracy.

I think myself that Louis was not in the least fooled. But it pleased him to pretend.

The Roosevelt-Howe relationship is important enough in the New Deal story without inflating it beyond the bounds of credibility. Louis was one of a very few who could go on calling Franklin by his first name after 1928; but by then he was using Franklin's gratitude not to urge him toward a creative statesmanship, but toward a regressive caution. He was mostly, then, afraid that the Presidency would elude them. Louis's ideas concerning the world were the superficial ones of a political reporter. In spite of the original motivation in the injustice suffered by the many at the hands of the few, he thought reform was completely comprehended in traditional progressivism; and he would have had Franklin cautious in advocating anything more than business regulation. Even when power was gained, he was hopelessly confused by the depression and watched the attacks on its various phases with a kind of lost skepticism.

The only two programs he had much to do with in Washington were the Civilian Conservation Corps and Subsistence Homesteads. He all but ruined both before they could get started. He had, moreover, a kind of inner arrogance which made contact with him, except on his own terms, impossible, even when all power had escaped from his reach. He punished everyone around him; the kinder and more considerate they were the more he presumed on their tolerance. He was not a nice person even in his fading phase.

No one ever doubted his single-mindedness; but with Franklin in the White House, his reason for being no longer existed. And presently Louis did no longer exist. He gasped away his dimming life as Franklin confidently and maturely approached a second term.

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DOOR OF GILT — OR GUILT?

The Golden Door: The Irony of Our Immigration Policy. By J. Campbell Bruce. Random House, 1954. $3.75.

An attempt to repeal the McCarran-Walter immigration bill began immediately after the passage of the bill over President Truman's veto in the spring of 1952. The Commission on Immigration and Naturalization, after collecting 2005 pages of testimony, reported, In *Whom We Shall Welcome*, that organizations totalling more than half our population objected to the bill as "an affront to the conscience of the American people." The National Council of Churches of Christ has attacked Public Law 414, and so have the American Jewish Committee and the National Catholic Welfare Confer-

ence; the A.F.L. and the C.I.O.; women's clubs, lawyers, educators, social workers, and learned societies. Both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson gauged public opinion correctly when they inveighed against the statute in the last election year. What began as Trumanesque wrath against McCarranism is now something of a movement.

The impulse behind the movement is one that American culture is long familiar with. At stake is the clear and simple principle that in free society man cannot rightfully hold superiority over man for reasons of race, nationality, or religion. Once grasp that principle and the intellectual as well as the ethical part of the debate is settled. This is the major point of J. Campbell Bruce's *The Golden Door*, and is contained in capsule in its subtitle. It is not a scholarly book, although Mr. Bruce, a journalist, read and consulted with scholars. Nor is it a dispassionate book. It is rather the work of a man who is angry over the way the Eighty-Second Congress violated the premise and the promise of America.

The framers' boast that the bill does not contain "one iota" of prejudice withers under Mr. Bruce's analysis and turns out to be another of their many prejudices. No other law in the history of American jurisprudence is equal to this one in discrimination and hostility that is at one and the same time monolithic and manifold. Mr. Bruce assumes that the framers knew what they wanted, and he concludes that they wanted to prejudge Eastern Europeans, Southern Europeans, Central Europeans, Negroes, Mulattos, Asiatics, foreign intellectuals, aliens, naturalized citizens—and immigrants. All of these are put beyond the pale of traditional practices in American law. And to make certain the successful prosecution of legalized hostility, the bill posits, Mr. Bruce demonstrates, dictatorial power in Consular and Justice officials, who too often dislike their jobs and resent immigrants. These officials, exercising both administrative and judicial functions, review their own cases and make their own procedure.

The quota system, taken over from the National Origins Plan of 1924, is based on the white population according to the census of 1920. The present law goes beyond the law of 1924 in being color-blind. Previously British West Indians emigrated under the English quota, now they have their own and drastically low quotas. Similarly, an Englishman of Chinese ancestry (one Chinese parent is enough to establish Chinese ancestry in America's Nuremburg Law) must seek entry under the quota for China and not for England. "Anglo-Saxons," who do not fill them, have the largest quotas; non-"Aryans," who overfill them, have the smallest quotas. Latvia, for example, in order to take advantage of special D.P. legislation, was forced to mortgage its quotas to the year 2274.

There are other kinds of prejudice. Naturalized citizens lack rights that native-born Americans enjoy, and are subject to revocation of citizenship and deportation. Communists are debarred—but not Fascists and Nazis. Once a professor with a permanent position in America could come outside the quota assigned to his native land, now he must wait on the quota line as a "skilled alien." The animus against intellectuals is also clear in the red tape that trips up scientists, artists, and scholars who want merely to visit America.

Mr. Bruce's signal contribution is to report that Public Law 414 has worked out in the malicious fashion contemplated by the framers. Consular officials have denied visas out of ignorance, or prejudice, or whim; and their denial has been irrevocable. Immigration officers in the Justice department have imprisoned immigrants without trial. Fair procedure has been ignored in deportation cases. Professors, scientists, writers, and artists have been denied entry to America for reasons of "security." Finally, the fear expressed two years ago that not even native Americans could be safe is now a reality; some natives have not been able to return to this country after a trip abroad. Happily, Mr. Bruce did not find a large number of such cases. But this is not his point. We have on the statute books a law that is racial and political in intent, one that was poorly worded so as to permit McCarranesque interpretations, and one that is administered by sometimes mean-spirited bureaucrats who enjoy powers that we have not dared to grant to the Supreme Court.

The Bill is not only a sneer at immigrants but is also a legal insult to the large number of Americans who are not "Anglo-Saxons." It does our society no good. It limits immigration to a mere trickle when our labor reserve is depleted. It chokes off the exchange of scientific ideas when survival hinges on scientific supremacy. In 1953 America so infuriated the scientists, Mr. Bruce reports, that five international congresses refused to meet here. The United States also lost the services, among others, of Michael Polanyi, the British chemist and anti-Communist, who was invited but could not get past Consular officers to the University of Chicago. Mr. Bruce can well understand why European intellectuals who favor us in the ideological war against the Russians have an embarrassing time in distinguishing and then defending our way against the Soviet way. Our allies — most of whom are not Anglo-Saxon — are antagonized by the knowledge that we have a racial curtain.

A new statute, Mr. Bruce concludes, almost unnecessarily, is in order. In place of the racial quotas, America must issue visas to those whose skills we need and to those who want to rejoin their families. The census of 1950, and hereafter the nearest cen-

sus, should determine the total number of immigrants to be admitted each year. A unified immigration service must replace the overlapping jurisdiction of the departments of State and Justice; and officers ought to exercise either administrative or judicial powers, never both. Mr. Bruce acknowledges with every other opponent of the McCarran-Walter Bill that the days of unrestricted immigration are over. But so are the days of Madison Grant and the Ku Klux Klan. In fine, the author of *The Golden Door* demands an immigration law that will do what an immigration law is supposed to do: welcome immigrants.

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POETRY AND THE SOCIAL SENSE

Dream and Responsibility. By Peter Viereck. The University Press of Washington, D.C., 1953. $1.50.

On the Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot. Anonymous. British Book Centre, 1954. $2.50.

The Desert Music and Other Poems. By William Carlos Williams. Random House, 1954. $3.00.

In the Cold Country. By Barbara Howes. Grove Press, 1954. $2.75.

Toy Fair. By Howard Moss. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1954. $2.50.

Songs for a New America. By Charles G. Bell. Indiana University Press, 1953. $2.75.

Beauty for Ashes. By Christopher La Farge. Coward-McCann, Inc., 1953. $4.00.

The Old Bateau. By David McCord. Little, Brown & Company, 1953. $2.75.

Libretto for the Republic of Liberia. By M. B. Tolson. Twayne Publishers, 1953. $2.75.

Whether poetry should mean or be is a question still with us. In the pronouncements from the New Critics or in the guise of a worldlier lexicon, the issue continues to remain timely and sometimes lively. Helping out on both counts is *Dream and Responsibility*, which considers the problem in terms of the tension between poetry and society, a subject that could be expanded into a consideration of all art and society. Viereck's four compelling essays re-evaluate the function of the poet in the light of contemporary politics, in particular the "impersonal ethical and aesthetic implications raised for poetry by the Pound controversy." Significantly, Viereck puts a new slant to the "mean or be" cliché: what is the relationship of poetry to the social, political, and ethical milieu in which it is written? A double standard, one for artists and another for non-artists, is indefensible. Thus "meaning"

not only transcends approved syntax but crumbles an ivory tower or so in the process. For better or worse, legitimate modern poetry cannot be considered 100 per cent separately from its poets. As on all men, a burden of social responsibility falls on the artist, which he must treat with discretion and skill to avoid either preciosity or hack propagandism. It is gratifying to find a first-rate poet writing so cogently about poetry. It is gratifying also to know that Marxist art need not have sole franchise for a close relationship between the artist and society. Viereck's position may offend as philistine the "pure" in art, but the fact remains that Ezra Pound and Stefan George, subjects of two essays, still confront art and society alike with problems which are not yet satisfactorily resolved.

In contrast to Viereck's vital and worldly essays is a British one, anonymous and personal, on Eliot's *Four Quartets*. Like the Bible, whose eschatological accents he sometimes echoes, Eliot is fated for many interpretations. The contrast with Viereck lies in the essential manner poetry is treated, that is, as highly individuated response to intensely personal experience. The microcosm of the particular being is an egocentrism probing the inner life, immured against the trivia of external affairs. This bit of appreciative analysis likewise is highly individual and personal, which creates at the onset a difficulty for the less well-initiated to cope with. Although graciously, even lyrically, written, this handicap causes much of it to sound like rather spiritualized gobbledygook and thus compounds the crime of Eliot's obfuscation. One illuminating point, however, is the author's reference to Eliot's work as "penitential poetry," which opens many avenues of thought for the armchair critic.

Much recent poetic publication seems, fortunately, to strike a pleasant balance between the too-personal and the too-socially-well-intentioned. *Desert Music and Other Poems* materially substantiates the value of the golden mean. In an old man's clear-sighted summing up of his life and poetry ("The poem/ is complex and the place made/ in our lives/ for the poem"), there is full measure of sane balance, ripe authority, mellowed but still penetrant perspective. The poetry may sometimes sound prosey, but mature emotion, disaffected speech, and warm humanism more than compensate for technical virtuosity. If the reader finds appropriate comparison with the familiar comfort of an old slipper, he cannot but notice that the slipper leather is thin, fine-grained, well-cut, and still young with the patina that only highest quality can acquire.

Among younger poets showing promise of similar balance are Barbara Howes and Howard Moss. *In the Cold Country* fairly glitters from scrupulous polishing. Frequently in-

dividual lines crackle, icily, but often with the weight of trying too hard. Where Dr. Williams is relaxed and self-assured, Barbara Howes is all tension and self-consciousness, as when she refers to relatives (always fair game): "Their eyes go out on stalks like crabs' to the closet . . ."; or the strained conceit of "The moon lets down/ The shelled gold of her wake on the river ahead." A poet whose sense of image is so sharply developed ought to avoid the too-finely-chiseled effect which dazzles but does not move and allow more glimpses of the beauty she is capable of: "To be/ Ascetic for life's sake/ Honest and passionate/ Is rare. I think of those/ Images of Buddha placed/ In shells, and later found encased in pearl." Howard Moss is the rare poet who bears rereading for his music as well as his imagery. His eye is sensitive without the pained alertness of one taking himself and his craft too seriously. In the *Toy Fair* is sympathetic response to the flux of life which is not mere intellectual analysis, as when he describes, with a delightfulness reminiscent of John Crowe Ransom's "Blue Girls," the "hour-glass girls" walking the boards of Atlantic City fifty years ago: "Their long skirts stiffened by the salty air/ Waved at the sea's edge to those bathing/ High cries drowned out the ocean's roar/ When, accidentally, they went wading." Color, feeling, and music vitalize his poetry, and we may expect good things of a poet who has wisely concluded that "experience is, after all/ The heart of the matter." Another book to be well received by those preferring poetry to be relevant beyond the poet's private symbolism is *Songs for a New America.* Charles G. Bell occasionally, and memorably, gives rise to favorable comparison with Robert Frost.

Identifiable experience provides story material also for Christopher La Farge's novel-in-poetry, *Beauty for Ashes*, which the publishers purport to be on "man's perpetual search for pattern to his existence." Unlike most jacket blurbs, this one comes very near the mark. The book is impressive, not alone for its unique form, but for its grasp of character and situation, and for its sustained beauty of language. Some poetry bores in one line; La Farge holds his reader, if not spell-bound at least honestly interested, 423 pages. And the remarkable thing about the novel is that it *is* poetry. A *Ladies Home Journal*-type plot, palpably suburban, concerns a week in the lives of four men, their wives and lovers, in a Rhode Island village. But it is elevated to art through his handling of the theme of man's relationship to "the inevitable social burdens that life imposes on him" which enrich or impoverish him spiritually according as he accepts or rejects them. Poets take note. Although fiction, the book upholds Viereck's contention that ethics is a

very broad area indeed, and every human being is involved somewhere and irrevocably. And although La Farge has much to say, he manages skilfully to vary the form and rhythmic patterns for each set of characters, continually pleasing the ear, and to demonstrate that in this unusual genre poetry need not be sacrificed to story.

Sometimes, however, poetry is sacrificed, whether to the urge to be "serious" or to gymnastic techniques. *The Old Bateau* illustrates this needless sort of waste. When David McCord can turn out poignantly nostalgic and suggestive poems as the title one recalling the virile past of the now-anachronistic log bateau, solitary and still proud, which "drifts lonely to the lake below" in lowly tasks, "her river-driving days/ Forgotten as the ways/ Of sapling spruce that launched her long ago . . ." one may wonder with just indignation why he dabbles in the sophomoric banalities of "Poet Always Next But One." "God give him/ The Poet grace and let him stand/ With one true thing at either hand/ Give patience and the double sight/ To see the day within the night." Etcetera. This type of poem shows the error in losing the personal quality of immediate experience and spreading oneself too thinly across the transcendental air. As any realist knows, universals are grounded in particulars.

Superfluity of content can smother the "being" of poetry and result in a curioso or encyclical. The volume commemorating the Liberian Centennial International Exposition, by M. B. Tolson, suffers in this way. Mr. Tolson is a poet of parts whom Alan Tate calls the first Negro poet who "has assimilated completely the full poetic language of his time, and by implication, the language of the Anglo-American poetic tradition." This may well be the case. Full of striking rhythmic patterns and trenchant language, his Libretto is marred nonetheless by the fact that nearly every brief stanza must be referred to in the copious Notes to be properly understood. This sort of referential obscurity may be attractive to the ultra-sophisticated who allege full comprehension of Pound's Cantos, but such erudition is not democratically wide-spread. Reading this volume is similar to the chore of going through Skeats' *Chaucer* and not quite as rewarding.

It is no easy thing to be fully conscious of contemporary life and willing to enter into it as participant as well as observer. To convey that consciousness, with the moral quality Viereck feels is essential, and yet to do it with real poetry, is difficult. It is less exacting far to be precious or propagandistic. But the relevant poetry which we stand in most need of must transcend the limitations of both.

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Disaster

By Harry Morris

Herbert Morrison reporting
the Hindenburg disaster.
"Oh the humanity!"

To live within this human misery,
One walls a granite-block complacency
About his cell.
Whatever niche can show a girdered crucifix
Is shielded from the turgid swelling Styx
That floods this hell.

Archaic chaos, "like some great feather,"
This rigid envelope, in frighted weather,
Still aloft and standing still
Was seen to burst in flame.
"It's falling on the mooring mast.
Oh it's . . ."—the naked moment passed—
"Get out of the way please!"—again it came—
"This is one of the greatest catastrophes of the world!
The flames . . . four or five hundred feet in the sky!
The smoke, the flame!"
This observer, unprepared for violence, asking why
Had (in the scheme of things a minor tragedy)
Unnerved a listening dream.
"The frame is crashing to the ground,
Not quite to the mooring mast."
And once, perhaps just once, the cry
Was echoed, "Oh the humanity!"

And yet dismembered groans assault the cave
And rend the shriveled soul within its grave
And make it cry;
Drawn forth it weeps upon the air in caught compassion,
Defies its primal state and ugly fashion—
Oh humanity!

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Communication - - - -

MALE VERSUS FEMALE, THEN AND NOW

Editors of *The Antioch Review:*

There is little in Professor Bierstedt's evaluation of four "women" books (your summer issue) with which one would want to quarrel. Two of these books *are* comparatively unimportant; one, the Kinsey volume, is a scientific event of grave proportions; another, Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, is a work of depth and power. There is, however, an ingredient of the sexual relationship too little in evidence in the current proliferation of such discussions, profound or otherwise. Lost in the science, philosophy, sociology and agitation is the notion that men and women are just folks who have for a long, long time been engaging in a harmonious competition for power. Perhaps social historians may, by reviewing a long process of antagonistic cooperation between the sexes, mitigate the shock of Kinsey's statistics and provide some consoling perspective for American men and women.[1] The story had best be told from the beginning.

The moment our foremothers and forefathers disembarked from their tiny ships and breathed for the first time the free air of Virginia and Massachusetts, they began to look at each other, sex to sex, in a different light. For, unrestricted by Old World feudal holdovers, they began to evaluate one another in terms of his or her actual contribution to the daily struggle against a hostile environment. Puritan husbands, for instance, noted how indispensable were their wives in the battle for survival under rugged, uncertain conditions of life. Under these circumstances they were glad to turn over to them some high level responsibilities. With responsibility came dignity, and with scarcity, dignity increased. The first landing party at Jamestown was largely stag, but the error was soon rectified. The planters were having their doubts about settling here permanently, but had a change of heart when a cargo of prospective brides arrived in 1620.

Wives may have gained early in respect and stature; but widows, spinsters and orphan girls were first to gain in rights and privileges. Customs

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[1]The writer of this communication is the author of *Marriage, Morals and Sex in in America* (Bookman Associates, 1953), a book which Professor Bierstedt remarked in his article could have been read with profit by Mademoiselle de Beauvoir.

were modified first where unattached women threatened to become a liability to their neighbors were they not granted at least economic independence. In 1733, a committee of widows, tradeswomen all of them, composed a letter to the editor of the New York *Journal* in which they deplored the social preferences showered on men who contributed no more to the common welfare than they did.

The movement toward equality in the married state took another, less vigorous, direction. Woman's reach for human dignity was to be achieved through education. She was to be taught by her parents, plus the "advice" literature which infiltrated middle-class homes, to make wiser choices of humane, equality-minded husbands. A married woman had also to know enough of those things her husband knew to make her a suitable companion to him in all his interests and activities. Marriage for congeniality was championed against marriage for money and position, the latter kind being called by Ben Franklin and other democrats a form of harlotry. When, however, "equality" was mentioned, even Franklin took refuge in the formula that reason and nature made papa the family boss. And thus it was that Abigail Adams, wife of John, was prompted to threaten her statesman husband with a female declaration of independence if the forthcoming Constitution failed to adjust the balance of sexual power. It was a futile female gesture.

If a revolution within the Revolution did not come off, neither did the women abjectly submit. Together with their male allies, men of humane and rational outlook, radicals and reformers, they attacked the fortress of masculine supremacy from many directions and with a large assortment of weapons.

Noting that womenfolk were far worse off when married than when not, the feminist forces attacked the institution of marriage itself. At times they sought equality and freedom in liberalized divorce laws; less frequently they suggested that marriage be abolished and replaced by free love or other less binding marital arrangements. Working within the socialist and anarchist movements, the emancipators urged freedom of movement, equality, and individual sovereignty for both sexes alike. Utopian communities like Robert Owen's at New Harmony harbored anti-marriage theorists, feminists, planned parenthood advocates, divorce law reformers. The Associationists at Brook Farm and in other communities, more conservative than the Owenites in their ideas on lady liberation, proposed the combined household. Community kitchens and dining rooms would free the ladies for richer family, social, and vocational lives. The Associationists, like the Owenites, had regularly to reply to intimations of infidelism and immorality. To traditionalists in family life, combined kitchens spelled combined wives.

Religious community adaptations had their own solutions to the complicated male-female problem. The Shakers forbade their faithful to marry and gave women prominence in the social-community organization. The Mormons claimed their system of plural wifery provided women with a sort of social freedom. A husband's demands were divided among several wives as were the demands of running his household.

Running parallel with these political, social, and religious innovations lay the course of a vigorous, militant women's rights movement. A catalog of grievances against King Man was written into a Declaration of Sentiments in 1848. Women's rights agitators descended on state legislatures and won economic and legal rights to control their property and their persons. A few wore trousers to symbolize their thrust for equality. Others kept their maiden names after marriage as a mark of individuality and independence. Still others broke into male preserved professions, especially that of writing where women had been competing with men for many decades. However the many male wags might point to the proficiency of women with words —lots of them—they were hard pressed to bend the logic of women's words on the subject of sexual equality.

War has always been favorable to sexual democracy because women have been able to prove their adequacy in periods of manpower shortage. The demonstration of women's capabilities during the Civil War was not quite dramatic enough to get them the ballot they sought immediately afterward. The experience of World War I did the trick. But the postwar period failed to bring a permanent armistice to the sexual tug-of-war. Just as the emancipation of the Negro was followed by racial disequilibrium, the enfranchisement of women aggravated the economic and social discord of the sexes. Adjustment to freedom was difficult for both the liberators and the liberated.

The real challenge came in the realm of *sexual* equality, that is, in the postwar assault on the double moral standard. Equality at this time, and in this instance, meant two things to *avant garde* women. Equality was applied to the right of women to have the same emotional surges and satisfactions as men. Not many decades before, to claim for women sexual responses comparable to those of their male mates was considered a libel on womanhood. In the flaming youth '20's, it was libel, in certain circles, to assert otherwise. Again, the goal of the single standard seemed to signify the wish on the part of many to move toward the male standard of promiscuity. The new freedom tended to undermine the marriage institution along lines erstwhile suggested and practiced only by American anarchists and free love advocates.

Americans met the challenge with many remedies and ideas. Education for marriage and family life became a part of high school and college curricula; suggestions for revising marriage and divorce laws were numerous; Judge Lindsey's plan for companionate marriage won both acclaim and disdain; the social and natural scientists displayed great energy, adding some clarification and some confusion.

During and after World War II, a prominent group of psychiatrists came forth to advise women to withdraw to well established lines of safety in the home. The suggestion fell on many receptive ears inasmuch as women were wearying of their dual role of *manning* industry and commerce and *womaning* their families, with domestic hired help fast disappearing in the bargain.

The American feminist movement, which weakened slowly after suffrage was achieved, now languished under pressures of overwhelming personal and social responsibilities. Humanitarians and democrats, with comfort and support from scientific sources, argued unavailingly against hard fact. But the retreat, fortunately, is not a rout. The women books forecast a renewal of battle.

The current Kinsey analysis of sexual behavior in American women is a statistical expression of the ladies' historical claim to equality and individuality. The order of events from World War I onward (as told in the tallies of replies to skillful questioners) seems clear. It is a social recipe in which bullets for men have been stirred in with ballots for women, seasoned with planned parenthood and V.D. information, and heated to a quick boil so as to produce an even mixture. Our moral leaders must keep in mind that, in the struggle for equal status, minority groups tend to emulate the manners of powerful majorities. In this instance, the women have been asserting themselves by behaving like men. Let him who is without sin cast the first statistic.

SIDNEY DITZION

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